

# THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVII., NO. 5183

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24 1901.

PRICE 2 CENTS

To Gain "INDEPENDENCE" you must have "GOLD COIN."

SECURE BOTH BY BUYING STOCK IN

## THE COPPER ROCK GOLD MINING & MILLING CO.

Now selling at 20 cents per share par value \$1.00 and NON-ASSESSABLE. The price will shortly be ADVANCED to 50 CENTS per share. The property is located 80 Miles Northwest of Denver on the COLORADO, NORTH-WESTERN R.R., comprising sixty (60) acres in an established and paying mineral belt. FULLY ADDED to the property (having cheapest and best transportation). Have AMUNO, NO. OF WATER for all Mining and Milling purposes. TALKER ENOUGH for the Mine for many years to come. Shaft is now 250 feet deep and is being sunk to 600 feet level as fast as possible and has been in Ore nearly the entire distance. The Drifts already run have opened up good bodies of both Silver and Specular Ore, running in values from \$4.20 to \$118.98 per ton in Gold, Silver and Copper.

Several of the stockholders, who were induced to buy stock by the Officers of the Company, recently visited the property and have given a strong letter endorsing same and all representations as made to them concerning the Enterprise.

Send in your order now before stock advances, as right to raise prices without notice is reserved.

GEO. F. HATHEWAY,

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

153 Milk Street, Boston.

## VARNISHES FOR ALL PURPOSES.

A. P. WENDELL & CO.  
2 MARKET SQUARE.

MUSIC HALL.  
W. Hartford . . . . . Manager.

uesday Evening, Sept 24th.

EST YOU FORGET!

The Forever Favorite Musical Farce Comedy,

Peck's Bad Boy

L. M. HEATH, PROPRIETOR.

ll Laughs! No Cry!

THE BEST ACTING COMPANY!  
THE BEST SINGING COMPANY!  
THE FUNNIEST COMEDIANS!  
THE BEST DANCERS!

ome! Laugh With Us!

Prices—35c, 50c and 75c.

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office  
tuesday morning, Sept. 24th.

riday Evening, Sept 27th.

A Stupendous Production of Joseph  
LeBrant's Great Detective Play,

CAUGHT IN  
THE WEB

Gorgeous Scenic Display.

VERY ACT A SENSATION!

Replete with Startling Situations  
and Mechanical Effects.

arkling Comedy. Thrilling Climaxes.

A Superb Company.

Prices, - 35, 50 and 75 cts

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office Wed-  
nesday morning, Sept. 25th.

ONLY FIRST-CLASS

upholstery and Mattress Work

BY

A. Robbins, . . . 40 Islington St

For me a postal card will be sent and mak  
matters.

## RAPIDLY DONE.

Work Of Selecting Jury For  
Czolgosz' Trial.

Will Probably Take Two Full  
Days.

Insanity Will Not Enter Into The Case  
When Called.

BUFFALO, Sept. 23.—The work of selecting the jury for the Czolgosz trial was done so rapidly that before the day was over the entire number was seated in the box to listen to a description of the Temple of Music. It had been told by three surgeons what caused the death of the president, and learned why the fatal bullet had not been located. This was the only new point brought out and was that the relatives of the president had been unwilling to have the autopsy continued. The case will probably take two full days. Insanity will not enter into it when it will be called.

### BASE BALL.

The following was the result of the games played yesterday:

#### NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Pittsburg 5, New York 4; at Pittsburg.  
St. Louis 6, Boston 3; at St. Louis.  
Cincinnati 6, Brooklyn 25; first game; Cincinnati 6, Brooklyn 1, second game; at Cincinnati.

#### AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Boston 4, Detroit 5, first game; Boston 2, Detroit 5, second game; at Boston.  
Washington 3, Cleveland 6, first game; Washington 3, Cleveland 7; see second game; at Washington.  
Baltimore 4, Milwaukee 4, first game; Baltimore 4, Milwaukee 4, second game; at Baltimore.  
Philadelphia 7, Chicago 3; at Philadelphia.

### SCHLEY INQUIRY.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—The part played by the battleship Texas in the battle of Santiago, was the basis of the greater part of today's proceedings in the Schley inquiry. The witnesses examined were: Commander Herliher, who was navigator of the Texas; Com. Fages, who was chief officer, to Com. Herliher; and Com. Schroeder, executive officer on the Massachusetts, now Gov. of Guam. Com. Herliher said that when the Brooklyn made its loop, it passed across the Texas bow at a distance not to exceed one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards. The Texas had been brought to a full stop. He thought that the Texas was in greater danger when the Brooklyn crossed her bow than at any other time during the battle.

### TO VISIT HIS BROTHER.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 23.—Chief of Police Corner, today, gave Weldarck Czolgosz, a brother of the assassin of the president, a thorough examination. It is said something was learned about a plot. Waldarck said he was going to Buffalo to see his brother and that he would report to the police at Buffalo.

### ERNE KNOCKED OUT.

BUFFALO, Sept. 23.—Frank Erne, the lightweight champion, was defeated by Jim Fenne, the welterweight champion, at Port Erie, tonight.

### WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—Forecast for New England: Tuesday and Wednesday; fresh southwesterly winds; shifting to northwest.

### OFFICERS ELECTED.

The junior class of the Portsmouth High school has elected these officers: President, Harold Parker; Vice President, Ruth Drake; Secretary, Waldo Pickett; Treasurer, Mand Moore; Executive Committee, Samuel Hatch, Mario Pickett and Florence Reib.

### FIREMEN'S ARRANGEMENTS.

Some of the Plans for the Present Week's Celebrations in This City.

The events of the present week in this city will be the annual parade of the fire department Thursday, and the meeting here on the following day of the State firemen's association, it being the fourth annual convention of the latter.

The department parade will start at 11 a. m. Thursday, the signal to move being one stroke of the fire alarm and at 1 p. m. dinner will be served in Philbrick hall to the firemen and their guests. Among the latter it is hoped there will be many of the delegates to Friday's convention, urgent invitations having been sent them to be present and participate. In the evening a ball will be given in Pierce hall by W. J. Sampson hook and ladder company.

Friday the delegates to the State firemen's convention will assemble at 10:30 a. m. in Philbrick hall. It is expected that the business of the association will be completed by 1 p. m. at which time a banquet will be served in Old Fellows hall; following which the steamer Alice Howard will be taken for a trip down the river, with perhaps a short turn outside the harbor. On the return trip a stop will be made at the navy yard to enable the visitors to inspect the new dry dock and other points of interest, return to be made to this city in time for the northbound delegates to catch the 5:25 train for Manchester and Concord.

The fire department committees have been working energetically to make the exercises of both days interesting and satisfactory.

### AT THE NAVY YARD.

The two yard tugs were at work on Monday.

Part of the iron work for the yard railroad has been shipped.

The old shiphouse number four will be sold at noon on Saturday.

Tomorrow, Wednesday, will be pay day for mechanics and laborers.

The dry dock will probably be ready for use the latter part of this week.

Das Mahoney has brought the great Eleata home to Maplewood farm for the winter.

Cornelius Quion, has been required for duty as electric mechanic in the department of yards and docks.

Stenographer B. R. Leisk in the department of construction and repair, is soon to complete his duties here.

Chief Clerk Calvin L. Hayes of the construction office has returned from a trip to the Pan American exposition.

The yard and station with all the improvements being made and other work has a very neat and tidy appearance.

The pile driver is being put in readiness and a boiler and engine placed on the yard scow to work on the pier near the old dock.

Work on the U. S. S. Eagle and U. S. S. Vixen is being rapidly pushed in order to get these vessels ready for sea by October first.

The patterns of the machinery for the Spanish boat have arrived at the yard. They are the same as was used for the U. S. S. Hartford.

Mr. Edmund Whalley, for many years a gas maker at the yard, has resigned and will hereafter conduct a farm that he has purchased in Madbury.

A gravel train has been put to work filling and grading the track from the Kittery navy yard station to the new bridge. The gravel is being hauled from Hampton by a crew from Portland.

### SCHOONERS COLLIDE.

Two lumber laden schooners came into collision Sunday afternoon in the lower harbor, but both escaped with little damage. One of the schooners had just entered the harbor and when it let go its anchor, it overreached so that it collided with a schooner already at anchor. A part of the deck cargo was swept overboard and the other schooner suffered the loss of some of her staves.

The Bottler's union of this city now meet twice a month at their new quarters in Pierce hall.

### Constipation

Headache, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, and all liver ills are cured by

### Hood's Pills

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

## BOLD HIGHWAY ROBBERY

Mr. Albert Hanscom Attacked  
By Three Men.

Relieved Of \$42 And A Gold-filled  
Watch.

No Clue To The Robbers Has Been  
Obtained.

One of the most daring and wicked highway robberies ever committed in this vicinity took place on Monday night, when Albert H. Hanscom, a young man of 21 years, was held up by three men on the railroad track near the Marsh farm in Greenland, and upon his refusal to surrender his money without a struggle, was shot down, and with unconsciousness was robbed of \$42.67 and a gold watch.

Hanscom now lies at the Cottage hospital in this city in a critical condition. Before undergoing a surgical operation, he told of the affair:

"I have been stopping with my brother, George E. Hanscom, at Fremont, and I started for Portsmouth. At Rockingham Junction I left the train to speak to a friend who was going on the western division. While I was at the other end of the depot, my train pulled out. I inquired whether I could get to Portsmouth tonight and was told that it was only ten miles away and I should have to walk.

"I started down the track, and about 9 o'clock I passed the Greenland depot. Quite a distance beyond there, there was a bush fire close beside the track, and just after I passed that, three men sprang up and one of them demanded that I throw up my hands and give him my money. Upon my saying that I had no money, they closed in on me, and as I turned to run, one of them placed a revolver against my left shoulder and fired.

"I fell, and on regaining consciousness heard them running in the direction of the Greenland depot. As soon as I could collect my senses I crawled up on to the main road, where I was discovered by a man passing in a carriage, and was taken to the station agent's house."

The police of this city were notified, and later Charles Brackett of Greenland brought Hanscom to the Cottage hospital in his carriage.

Dr. Hoffenger, upon examination, found a bullet wound in the left shoulder, and the ball was located under the skin on the back side of the arm, and was taken out. It was of 32-calibre.

Hanscom's shoulder and arm are horribly burned. While the bullet wound is not considered serious, the burns are decidedly so, and it is feared that he will lose his arm as a result of a shock caused by them. Lockjaw is feared, also as a result of the wound.

It seems that when the shot was fired, the muzzle of the revolver must have been so close to his shoulder that the powder ignited his clothing; and while he lay unconscious it burned his arm frightfully. The flesh was burned to a crisp, and peeled off in large pieces.

In Hanscom's clothing were found two discharge papers from the United States army; one from Battery G Second regiment, heavy artillery, in which he served in Cuba during the Spanish-American war, and the other from Company B, Twenty-sixth infantry, United States volunteers, in which he served in the Philippines. He had lost a finger in an engagement with the rebels outside of Manila. He was discharged May 31 of this year and was given \$397 back pay.

Hanscom is a native of Portsmouth, and was on his way here to go to work when he was held up. He can give no description of his assailants, excepting that one was very tall, and the other two of medium height. All three wore black clothes and were smooth faced.

The police of the surrounding towns were at once notified.

Hanscom says he passed a very comfortable night at the hospital, but he must have suffered the greatest pain, for the flesh around his shoulder is cooked in an awful way. It is hard to see how the physicians will be able to save the arm, or put it in condition for use.

There is no law to the robbers, who are probably out of the county by this

### THE MARIETTA COMING.

Positive Orders Received for the Ship  
To Proceed to Portsmouth at Once.

Positive orders were issued this morning for the U. S. S. Marietta to proceed at once from New York, for Portsmouth and she will, as previously told, go out on commission here and receive much needed repairs. Thus the scheme to keep the vessel at the Brooklyn yard has been entirely shattered and Portsmouth will receive work needed by the mechanics here.

The fact that the Marietta would not be sent to Portsmouth came to light through a letter received by Portsmouth friends of Mrs. Blacker, wife of Commander Blacker, and which stated that the ship would not be sent here.

That there was a plot to keep the ship at New York is shown by the fact that mail sent to this city for the ship has been sent back to New York. The ship will soon arrive here, however, and quite an amount will be expended in putting her in good condition.

### CATARH CAN NOT BE CURED

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.  
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

### CAUGHT IN THE WEB.

Caught in the Web, to be presented at Music hall on Friday evening, Sept. 27, is a drama of the most intense interest combining all the elements of popular success. The climaxes are startling in the extreme, the situations all novel and original, holding the audience spellbound and awe-stricken at the many thrilling incidents. The narrative introduces a love story, tender, pathetic and affecting deep emotions. A rich comedy vein is interwoven. The play is presented by a very capable company. The stage mountings are magnificent, five complete sets of gorgeous scenery being carried by the company.

Funnier than ever—Peck's Bad Boy at Music Hall tonight.

### NAVAL MATTERS.

These naval orders have been issued: Naval Cadet J. C. Fremont to the Brooklyn.

Assistant Surgeon F. Aserson and J. W. Backus to Cavite hospital.

Assistant Surgeon A. E. Peck to the Manila.

Shipmaker George T. Douglas (retired) to the navy yard, New York.

Marine Corps—First Lieut. J. G. Muir from the Marine Brigade to Yokohama hospital; Captain D. D. Porter from Cavite to the New York.

Edward T. Hoops was appointed by the president assistant paymaster in the navy, with the rank of ensign.

### KITTERY.

The regular Tuesday evening prayer meetings will be held at the local churches this evening.

There will be a regular meeting this evening, of Constitution lodge, Knights of Pythias, at Old Fellows' hall.

Charles N. Holmes of Kittery has been elected one of the vice presidents of the reunion association of Co. F, 15th Massachusetts volunteers of the civil war. The last meeting of the association was in Brookfield, Mass.

Miss Flora Robinson of Kittery has been called to Deerfield Center by the death of her mother, Mrs. Nathaniel Robinson, who died on Saturday at the age of seventy years.

## New Departure

I have a new stock of

Wall Papers and Paints

Which I can furnish at  
Lowest Prices.

Charles E. Walker,

Government St., Kittery, Me.



## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

**A Strange Mouse.**  
As in the nursery Mrs. Fuss was looking for a mouse she threw a glance upon the shelf and there saw something nice.

A little mouse among the toys was standing very still.  
"I'll catch that mouse," said Mrs. Fuss.  
"Most certainly I will."



Then crouching down before the shelf, her instinct to obey,  
She made a quick upward spring  
And pounced upon her prey.

But what was this? In sudden fear  
Her claws let go their hold  
At coming into contact with  
A substance hard and cold.

Then frightened Mrs. Fuss turned tail  
And fled from out the house,  
While still her prey remained unmoved;  
He was a clockwork mouse!

### "My Dear Boy."

The older a boy grows the more tender and appreciative he ought to be of his mother. There is no surer sign of true manhood than a tactful sympathy and love for that one who, above all others, has given her best to her boy.

"The most to be regretted act of my life," said a lieutenant commander of the navy, "was a letter I wrote to my mother when about seventeen years of age. She always addressed her letters to me as 'my dear boy.' I felt at that time I was a man, or very near it, and wrote saying that her constantly addressing me as a 'boy' made me feel displeased. I received in reply a letter full of reproaches and tears. Among other things she said:

"You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Samson, as wise as Solomon; you might become ruler of a nation or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you, but to your devoted mother you would always appear, in memory, in your innocent, unpretentious, unself-conscious, un-pampered babyhood. In those days when I washed and dressed and kissed and worshiped you you were my idol. Nowdays you are becoming part of a gross world by contact with it, and I cannot bow down to you and worship you, but if manhood and maternal love are transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother love can pay you is to call you 'my dear boy.'"  
—Young People's Magazine.

### The Rival Fans.

Two children's fans were quarreling.  
"Why, my little mistress is certainly the best looking. She has such beautiful blond hair and such pretty blue eyes that you cannot but acknowledge her superiority."

"Oh, yes, I can," said the other fan. "While I admit all these beauties, I yet say that my mistress is the prettier of the two. Her complexion is like the rose, her teeth are white and she is almost always smiling. Her hair is dark, to be sure, but I prefer it so. She is easily the prettier of the two."

At this juncture the owners of the fans entered into the argument. So in place of writing it they had come to blows, and the weapons they used to settle their troubles were the little fans that had started the quarrel.

When the battle was over, the fans were both so badly demolished that they were picked up in pieces. So in place of being rewarded for the faithful championship of their owners, they were battered and banged into permanent disability.  
Moral:—Fidelity is as pretty good as bravery in Chicago Record-Herald.

### Fowl Play.



### The Dancing Pen.

Take a piece of tobacco pipe of about three inches in length, one end of which at least is broken off even, and with a knife or file make the hole somewhat larger, so as to form a little hollow cup. Next get a very round pen, put it in the hollow at the end of the bit of pipe, place the other end of the latter in your mouth, hold it there quite in a perpendicular position by inclining your head back, and then blow through it very softly. The pen will be lifted from its cup and rise and fall according to the degree of force with which the breath is impelled through the pipe.

### A Boy's Grit.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Augustus Adolphus, who saw him fall, proposed that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did for he became the famous General Baner.

## TO BOOM PAN-AMERICAN

Management Ready For All Who Will Come.

### GLOOM GIVING WAY TO BRIGHTNESS

Buffalo Emerging From the Awful Effects of the Recent National Tragedy—Exposition Now In the Zenith of Its Glory.

Buffalo, Sept. 23.—This city is recovering from a fatiguing anxiety and sorrow such as it has never known. What was intended to be the gala period of its history was turned into un-speakable grief. Buffalo was full of personal loyalty and enthusiasm for President McKinley. Naturally his tragic end while its guest depressed the city beyond expression.

There never was a community more engrossed in a great undertaking than Buffalo was with the Pan-American exposition three weeks ago. Every man, woman and child in the city had a direct interest and pride in the undertaking. It seemed that every one with whom a stranger spoke had in mind the large ideal of the great good which the demonstration of the wonderful resources and abilities of the western hemisphere was to do for the country. Buffalo people seemed rather proud that the whole expense of the demonstration had fallen upon them and their fellow citizens. They would call attention to the fact that all of the funds had been raised in Buffalo without assistance from the nation, the state or even the city corporation.

"It is the first exposition which has had no subsidies," so strangers were told. Citizens said: "The United States has furnished a wonderful exhibit, far more attractive than has ever been seen before, the state of New York has erected a beautiful marble palace, the city of Buffalo has built a bridge and has furnished water and fire and police protection, but the funds to erect the City of Light have all come from the private resources of Buffalo people."

When in his memorial address the president emphasized the Pan-American idea and made it part of history, the people of Buffalo realized that their efforts were appreciated. They seemed contented and proud that as individuals of one city they had done the work which might well have been the nation's undertaking.

### A Million Dollars Lost.

The revolution was terrible, and now that it is passed the question of what is to come is interesting. The public feeling is strong and all one way. Every one seems to realize that the stockholders of the exposition have met a great loss, probably of not less than \$1,000,000. That practically means the citizens, for about every Buffalonian has stock in the exposition according to his means. They feel now that the exposition must be carried to a glorious finish as a labor of patriotism and of love. President Milburn and Director General Buchanan were seen together. President Milburn put this thought very strongly. He said:

"There must be no faltering in our efforts now, considering how much the success of the Pan-American exposition means to the development of closer political and commercial relations between the peoples of the western hemisphere. That was a policy earnestly favored by President McKinley and which interested him so deeply in the exposition from its first inception. It is a strange stroke of fate that the success of the exposition should be threatened through this fearful tragedy. We should be lacking in loyalty to his memory if we did not bend all our energies to crowning the work which he had so close to his heart."

"The position in which the tragedy found me gave me the opportunity to know what was in that great soul during the hours just before that excruciating end. The president had taken the deepest interest in the exposition from the start. His ideal and conception are in harmony with his wise and beneficent public policy."

### Six Weeks More of Sightseeing.

"The years that have been spent in the evolution and development of the idea of the essential interdependence of the nations of this hemisphere which we call the pan-American idea have their first full expression in this exposition. It gave the opportunity which was utilized in that great speech which has already passed into history. He was deeply impressed by the beauty and magnitude of the exposition."

"He told me that above everything he wished that he could have had the time and opportunity for an extensive and unimpeded inspection of the grounds, the buildings and the exhibits. 'There are six weeks more of the life of the exposition, and it is in the full bloom of its beauty and interest. Every feature of it has been developed to its highest point, and it is being operated on a more elaborate scale than ever. It is a complete mass of varied activities and entertainments, more than adequately carrying out its aims and purposes. It is a national enterprise and should be supported as the leading nation of this hemisphere. That I repeat I feel certain, it will have in fullness and in every measure.'"

Referring to President Milburn's statement, Director General Buchanan said that at no previous exposition had the courtesies of South and Central America taken as deep personal interest in the success of the exposition as they had in this one; that this was especially true of Chile, which had expended upon a building and an exhibit here last year \$1,000,000 and equally so of Chile. It is the first time in her history that she had taken part in a great exposition with a magnificent building of her own filled with her natural resources and products.

## "REDS" IN UGLY MOOD.

They Defend an Anarchist Journal With Shotguns.

Spring Valley, Ill., Sept. 23.—Twenty anarchists, armed with double-barreled shotguns and 1,000 rounds of ammunition, are standing guard over the office of L'Amore, the notorious anarchist publication which expressed joy at the murder of President McKinley and at the assassination of the late president.

Meanwhile fully 2,000 citizens of adjoining towns have sent word to the police that they are ready to march to start at a given hour of this city and assist in the "reeds." The ten men who are at the building are the "red" attitude of the anarchists, serving to increase the tension.

One of the offending editors of L'Amore has been in hiding ever since a recent mass meeting gave evidence to demolish his publication and adorn him with a coat of tar and feathers. Today a committee will wait upon General Manager Dulzide of the Spring Valley Coal company, who is in Chicago, and insist that he discharge every known anarchist in his employ. The anarchists and their sympathizers number fully 500, and if this step is taken it will mean that one or two of the mines will have to close down until other men can be brought in. The anarchists threaten to hold a mass meeting tonight. If they persist in this plan, a riot is almost certain to ensue, and there can be but one ending for the patriotic citizens here will be heavily reinforced by outsiders who will come prepared for business.

### GENERAL ECHEVERRIA SHOT

Colombian Liberals and their Venezuelan Allies Defeated.

Willemstad, Curacao, Sept. 23.—The Venezuelan gunboat Miranda has arrived at Curacao from Guayra badly in need of repairs.

Her commander brings news confirming the reports of the defeat of Colombian Liberals and their Venezuelan allies near La Hacha Sept. 13 and 14. It appears that the Colombians, the regulars, withdrew and scattered as the Liberals and Venezuelans advanced and then gathered again in larger numbers, surrounding General Davila's command just prior to the engagement of the 14th. There is still no reliable information as to the number killed.

An Indian chief named Jose Dolores, whose followers are fighting with the Colombian government, is reported to have cut off General Davila's retreat to Venezuelan territory.

It is now persistently reported that the Colombians have captured and shot General Echeverria. It was because he was a native who had aided foreigners to invade Colombia. There is no doubt that he was the commander of the Venezuelan gunboats lately cruising before La Hacha and Guayra. The decree under which he is reported to have been executed was published about a month ago. It characterizes him as traitorous and punishable with death by the act of a Colombian invading Colombia with foreigners.

It is said that about 200 wounded have reached Maracaibo.

### Hopful Outlook For Cuba.

Washington, Sept. 23.—General Leonard Wood, military governor of Cuba, has left here by way of Tampa for Havana. It is his expectation that he will be able to complete arrangements by which the conduct of affairs in the island can be handed over to the Cubans by the first of next May. The electoral law which the governor brought with him for the inspection of the authorities here is satisfactory to the administration provided some modifications are made. As a result of his talk with the officials here General Wood expressed the opinion that there will be no change in the attitude of the administration toward the Cubans, but that the policy inaugurated by Mr. McKinley will be continued by his successor.

### Mrs. Wilcox's Charity.

Westley, R. I., Sept. 23.—The will of the late Harriet Wilcox, widow of Stephen Wilcox of Brooklyn, who died Aug. 21 last, has just been made public. Provision is made for a large number of relatives and friends from an estate variously estimated at from \$1,500,000 to \$3,000,000. The will leaves \$150,000 to the Westley Memorial and Library association in trust, the income to be used in maintaining the building, library and adjoining park, and \$175,000 is distributed among various charitable institutions throughout the country.

### Secretary Root's Son Better.

New York, Sept. 23.—Secretary Root says that his son, Edwin Root, Jr., who is ill of typhoid fever, had a good day, and if there was any change at all it was for the better. Mr. Root will make no plans for returning to Washington until his son is out of danger.

### Barker's Friends Active.

Arlington, N. J., Sept. 23.—Notices have been issued for a meeting of the Thomas G. Barker Defense association on Wednesday evening at the residence of T. G. Barker in Arlington. Arrangements will then be made for a second mass meeting.

### Shot by Burglars.

Nanticoke, Conn., Sept. 23.—Marion Kelley, eighteen years old, was shot and seriously injured and three companions were killed at three burglars who were at the door of the post office at Nanticoke, a village four miles from here.

## NO POISON ON BULLETS

Chemical Examinations Settle the Question.

### CZOLGOSZ DECLARED TO BE SANE

The Assassin's Trial Taken Up Today—Dr. Hamilton, Alienist, to Attend It—No Plea of Insanity to Be Interposed by Counsel.

Buffalo, Sept. 23.—Leon Czolgosz, whose trial for the assassination of the late President McKinley begins today, has been examined as to his sanity by Dr. Carlos F. McDonald of New York, the eminent alienist. The prisoner's counsel, former Justices Loran L. Lewis and Robert C. Titus, were present at different times during the examination. At its close Dr. McDonald declined to discuss the case, and the attorneys would not express their opinion as to the assassin's mental condition, although the inference drawn from their answers was that they believed Czolgosz to be sane.

The most important development in the Czolgosz case is the announcement that no poison has been found on the bullets or the revolver with which the anarchist assassinated President McKinley. Chemical and bacteriological examinations were made, and both revealed the fact that no poison was used by the murderer.

Immediately after the death of the president one of the staff physicians in attendance on the president expressed the opinion that the bullets might have been poisoned. District Attorney Penney, who had possession of the assassin's revolver, ordered a careful and thorough examination made. Dr. Hill was directed to make a chemical examination of the bullets and the chambers and barrel of the revolver, and Dr. Herman G. Matzinger, one of the surgeons who performed the autopsy upon the president's body, was ordered to make a bacteriological examination.

### No Poison Revealed.

Dr. Hill reported to the district attorney that his work showed that no poison had been used. He also presented a written report, but it will not be used on the trial, as that question is now eliminated from the case. Dr. Matzinger has finished his bacteriological examination, and his work also revealed the absence of any poison. The district attorney has been informed that that effect, although the formal report has not been submitted. Authorities on this question state that the two examinations form a complete test and that the slightest trace of poison would have been revealed.

Dr. McDonald and Dr. Hurd, alienists for the defense, called upon District Attorney Penney shortly before 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon and remained with him until 3:15, when they were escorted to the jail by Detective Solomon. The insanity experts went into Czolgosz's cell in "murderers' row" and were locked up in the cell with him until 4:15 o'clock, when they returned to the city hall and held another conference with the district attorney. Fifteen minutes later Dr. James W. Putnam, a local alienist, appeared and joined the conference.

### Plea of Insanity Dropped.

Although great secrecy was maintained at the district attorney's office, it was learned that Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, one of the most noted alienists in the United States and who was an expert witness at the trial of Guiteau, is in Buffalo. Although the defense declines to make any definite statement on the subject pending the final opinion of Dr. McDonald, it is the consensus of opinion among those interested in the case that no insanity plea will be interposed by Judges Lewis and Titus.

The district attorney is already fortified with the opinion of Dr. Joseph Fowler, Dr. James W. Putnam and Dr. Floyd S. Crego. Buffalo alienists of some note, that Czolgosz is perfectly sane.

It is said that Czolgosz's father, sister and brothers are going to Buffalo shortly, and the police believe when they confront Leon that he will break down and reveal all that is now a mystery in regard to the shooting of the president.

### NATIONAL MEMORIAL

The Capital City Pays Tribute to the Dead President.

Washington, Sept. 23.—An impressive national memorial service was held in Chase's Grand Opera House in this city yesterday afternoon. The theater, which holds over 4,000 people, was taken, and an overflow meeting on Fifteenth street was arranged. Fully 5,000 people stood in the street listening to addresses in eulogy of the late president.

President Roosevelt was invited to attend the services at the opera house; but, having already refused many similar invitations, he felt compelled to decline. Postmaster General Smith, however, occupied a box, and many prominent officials were in the audience. Lieutenant General Miles and Admiral Schley were in adjoining boxes. A good representation from the diplomatic corps also was present. The Chinese minister, Mr. Wu, and his suite and the Japanese minister were together in an upper box. The full Marine band was in attendance. The Hon. Henry R. F. MacFarland, president of the board of commissioners of the District of Columbia, presided.

The exercises consisted of five minute addresses by ministers of the different denominations and music suitable to the occasion, the musical feature being the singing by the entire audience, with the Marine band accompanying, of the hymn "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and the national anthem "America." A quartet from St. Patrick's church sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and the Harmony lodge quartet of the Masonic choir rendered "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Mrs. Thomas C. Noyes sang a solo, "Some Time We'll Understand."

### ABUSED M'KINLEY.

#### A Violent Preacher Causes Church Disturbance.

Vineyard, N. J., Sept. 23.—Great indignation is felt here because of a sermon preached by the Rev. John G. Enteklin in the Wesleyan Methodist church, which was interpreted to be disparaging to the memory of William McKinley.

In referring to him the speaker said his assassination was a judgment and a punishment for the government for the "horrible murdering" of the Philippines and the furnishing of munitions of war to England with which to "murder the Boers." He also said the assassination of the president was in part the result of the iniquities of the government in allowing the Vanderbilts, the Rockefellers, the Morgans and other millionaires to oppress the poor.

The Rev. Mr. Enteklin also said England soon would be visited by a judgment equally as severe as the calamity that has befallen the United States. Hardly had the speaker uttered these remarks when many members of his congregation arose and left the church. One man slammed the door back of him with a bang and uttered the word "treason!"

Addresses were delivered by the Rev. George Buckler, Methodist Episcopal church; Rev. J. S. Butler, Lutheran church; Rev. D. J. Stafford, Roman Catholic church; Rev. J. M. Schick, Reformed church; Rev. Merrill E. Gates, Congregational church; Rev. Tenuis S. Hamlin, Presbyterian church; Rev. J. J. Muir, Baptist church; Rev. E. E. Bagby, Christian church; Rev. John Van Schaick, Universalist church; Rev. Lucien Clarke, Methodist Episcopal church; Rev. Herbert Smith, Episcopal church; and Rev. M. Ross Fishburn, Congregational church.

### BOERS ARE VERY ACTIVE

They Keep Kitchener Busy Sending Telegrams.

Dutch Element of Cape Colony in Revolt—President Loubet's Speech Not Regarded as an Indication of Intervention.

London, Sept. 23.—The war office has the following dispatch from Lord Kitchener, dated Pretoria, Sept. 22: "Kitchener while endeavoring to force a passage of the Orange river near Henschell at 1 o'clock Friday morning rushed the camp of a party of Lovatt's scouts. He failed to cross the river, but the scouts lost heavily. Lieutenant Colonel the Hon. Andrew Murray and Captain Murray, his adjutant, were killed. Deeply regret the loss of Colonel Murray, who throughout the war had led Lovatt's scouts with great gallantry."

"Under cover of darkness the Boers managed to carry off a gun. They were promptly followed up, and the gun was recovered in a smart engagement in which Kitchener lost two killed and twenty taken prisoners."

Lord Kitchener also reports that the British captured by the Boers in the ambush near Scheepers' nek Sept. 17 have been released and that the British casualties in the recent Vlakfontein engagement, when the Boers captured a company of mounted infantry and two guns, were one officer and five men killed, twenty-three men wounded and six officers and 109 men taken prisoners. He announces that these prisoners have since been released.

### Two Commandoes Captured.

He further reports the capture of two commandoes, one consisting of fifty-five men under Commandant Kochs who were taken, together with their entire transport, west of Adenburgh, and the other consisting of fifty-four men, including P. J. Botha, who were taken with forty-eight wagons and their belongings forty-five miles southeast of Carolina.

A most alarmist letter from Cape Town is published by The Daily Express. The writer says:

"The Boers are overrunning Cape Colony. They are on both the coast lines and within forty miles of Cape Town. Even the intelligence department does not know how many colonial rebels have taken up arms in the last fortnight."

"The town guard of Cape Town has been ordered to hand in the magazine rifles and ammunition, ostensibly because they are wanted at the front. Martini-Henrys have been served out instead."

In conclusion the writer declares that "the Dutch element in the colony is in revolt, and it is useless to disguise the fact."

### France Will Not Intervene.

In London the speech of President Loubet when proposing the health of the czar and czarina at the luncheon which followed the review at Betheny Saturday is in no way regarded as an indication of any intention on the part of the Russian emperor to intervene in South African affairs. Even in Paris reflection seems to have convinced many papers that there was very little in the words of M. Loubet and that beyond a confirmation of the Franco-Russian alliance little has been achieved by the visit of the Russian sovereigns.

Lord Kitchener's latest dispatches, although they contain good news as well as bad, have done little to reassure the public concerning the state of affairs. The loss of Lieutenant Colonel Murray, a brother of Lord Massfield, is keenly felt. There is little doubt that further details will show it was a serious affair.

Lord Kitchener announces that the Buffalo river is flooded and that there is no change in the situation in Natal. The latter fact shows that General Lyttelton has not yet succeeded in interfering with the movements of Commandant General Botha. P. J. Botha, whose capture Lord Kitchener reports, is a brother of the Boer commander in chief.

### Situation Serious.

According to the latest advices from Cape Colony, the situation there is very serious, owing to the sympathy and aid which the Dutch are giving the Boer commandoes. The British find it additionally difficult to obtain news of Boer movements. General French's task is described as the hardest allotted him during the whole course of the war.

### At Pretoria the strength of the Boers in the field is now estimated at 11,000. If these figures be correct, the Boers must be constantly getting recruits. Their supply of arms and ammunition seems to be inexhaustible.

In Boer circles in Holland it is asserted that everything is prepared for a Dutch rising in both Cape Colony and Natal.

### Kearsarge Wins.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 23.—The record of the practice with the great guns of the ships of the north Atlantic squadron on this cruise has been made up aboard Admiral Higginson's flagship, the Kearsarge. They have not been made public, but it was learned that the Kearsarge, with her superposed turrets and hampered otherwise, holds the record. She smashed at extreme range three targets, which was a better record than any other ship of the squadron made.

### A Noted Lawyer Dead.

Schenectady, N. Y., Sept. 23.—David Dingest, for years one of the best known lawyers in this part of the state, died last night as the result of wounds he had inflicted upon himself several weeks ago with a pair of shears. He had been insane for over a year and had been discharged as cured.

### A McKinley Bust For Schenectady.

Schenectady, N. Y., Sept. 23.—The Italian-American residents of this city have unanimously decided to have a bust, the last made of the late President McKinley and to present the same to this city.

### Indians Won't Celebrate.

Indianapolis, Sept. 23.—Governor Durbin says there will be no Indiana day at the Pan-American exposition. The decision has been made after consultation with a number of prominent citizens and officials.

### Will Not Mix In Politics.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 23.—The executive committee of the State Federation of Labor has declined to grant the request that the federation give its support to an independent political party formed a few days ago by labor men in Hudson county.

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## ALHAMBRA SURRENDERS.

Aguinaldo's Bodyguard Take the Oath of Allegiance.

Manila, Sept. 23.—Aguinaldo's bodyguard—Major Alhambra, two captains, two lieutenants and twenty-nine men—with twenty-eight rifles, surrendered about forty miles north of Baler, island of Luzon, to Captain George A. Detchemendy of the Twenty-second United States Infantry, took the oath of allegiance and were released.

Captain Detchemendy reports that he has recovered a portion of the body of Denzell George Arthur Venville, the ill-fated apprentice of the United States gunboat Yorktown, who was one of Lieutenant Glimmore's party when that officer was captured by the Filipinos in April, 1899. The remains will be forwarded to Manila for shipment home.

Since Aguinaldo left General MacArthur's house for his present place of confinement he has never left the premises, although he is at liberty to do so if accompanied by an officer. The reason assigned is that he fears assassination at the hands of the partisans of the late General Luna.

General Chaffee has refused the request for the release of the prisoners on the island of Guam. He considers that their release would not be safe until the surrender or capture of Malvar and Lukban.

The United States transport Buford, carrying the Seventeenth Infantry to relieve the Twenty-third and then under orders to proceed for New York, has gone aground on a sand bar off the island of Mindanao. Her position is not dangerous.

General Frederick Funston, who has been in the hospital suffering from appendicitis for about a week, has undergone a successful operation.

The bishop of Cebu conducted memorial services in the cathedral for the late President McKinley, and the Spanish speaking Protestants held a service in the Rizal theater.

### The Royal Pair Leave Canada.

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 23.—The Duke and Duchess of York spent yesterday at Rideau Hall resting after a week of travel and receptions. They attended service at Christ cathedral at 11 o'clock, and that was their only public appearance during the day. They were accompanied by Hon. Derek Keppel, and a troop of Royal Canadian dragoons formed their escort. There was a platoon of police at the door of the church, and police in civilian dress mingled in the crowds on the streets and about the cathedral. Today they will be taken through the timber slides on the Ottawa river and then down the river to Rockcliffe in Indian canoes and lumbermen's boats. They are to visit the lumber camps to see the life and partake of the fare of the lumbermen. In the evening there will be a public reception in the senate chamber at the parliament buildings. The royal party resume their journey westward to the Pacific coast tomorrow morning. Lord Minto, governor general, will not go to the Pacific coast with the party, but Premier Laurier will accompany them.

### The President at Church.

Washington, Sept. 23.—President Roosevelt's first Sunday in Washington as chief executive was comparatively uneventful. He went out twice during the day, in the morning attending religious service with his brother-in-law, Mr. Douglas Robinson of New York, and in the afternoon taking a long stroll through Rock Creek park with General Leonard Wood, military governor of Cuba. Accompanied by Mr. Robinson, the president left the Cowles residence shortly before 11 o'clock for the Reformed church, located on Fifteenth and O streets, which as vice president he chose just after the inauguration. He was met at the door by Rev. J. M. Schick, the pastor, who extended a cordial greeting, to which Mr. Roosevelt responded, at the same time introducing Mr. Robinson. The two were then escorted to the president's pew, the second from the front in the center section.

### Sampson to Visit His Daughter.

Boston, Sept. 23.—Rear Admiral William T. Sampson, who returned to the navy yard with Mrs. Sampson on Saturday after a sojourn at Lake Sunapee, N. H., will leave the city today for Fort Hamilton, N. Y., to visit Second Lieutenant H. H. Scott, U. S. A., and Mrs. Scott, who was Miss Olive Sampson. It is said that the admiral has no idea of going to Washington this week. His period of duty as commandant of the Boston navy yard will terminate officially Nov. 1 unless he requests to be detached before that date. It is understood that on Nov. 1 Rear Admiral Mortimer L. Johnson, commandant of the Port Royal navy yard, will be Admiral Sampson's relief.

### A Ten Dollar Counterfeit.

Washington, Sept. 23.—A new counterfeit \$10 treasury note has reached the secret service bureau. It is a photolithographic production on two pieces of Japanese tissue, between which red and blue silk fiber has been distributed. The work is poorly done, and the seal is brick red. The lathe work is lost, and the back of the note is a muddy green. The note in hand has the check letter B, series 1880, portrait of Webster, Lyons register, Ellis H. Roberts treasurer.

### Miss Long Seriously Ill.

Colorado Springs, Colo., Sept. 23.—Miss Helen Long, daughter of Secretary Long, who left here for Hingham, Mass., on a visit to her father, reached Denver in a state bordering on collapse. She went in a private car, accompanied by her sister, Miss Margaret; her grandmother, Mrs. Glover, and Miss Carter. Dr. Gerald Webb, her physician, also accompanied her.

### Weather Forecast.

Fair; fresh to brisk southerly winds.

## SHE MADE IT INTERESTING.

The Result of a Criticism of Little May's Letter Writing.

One day the aunt for whom the fourteen-year-old was named and to whom most of her letters were written surprised the fourteen-year-old's mother by the following:

"Dear Edith," wrote the aunt, "I am much distressed over May's inability to write an interesting letter. Why is it? She has been corresponding with me regularly for some years now, and there is really no excuse for a girl of fourteen not writing a better letter. If this is the best she can do now, there's no hope for her, later on, I'm afraid. Her letters are most uninteresting, and I'm both surprised and ashamed for her. Now, don't you tell her all this, of course. That would never do. But just see if you cannot contrive to let her know how she fails to make her letters interesting and then set about at once improving them. Never by a look or word let her suspect that I criticized them. By the way, Edith, dear, do you decide to get the blue foulard or the gray crepe de chine," etc.

Now, no sooner did "Edith, dear," read this than she, of course, went straight to the fourteen-year-old and gave it to her, "right off the bat," as Charlie, the nine-year-old son and brother, would probably have put it. The aunt's letter, caution to keep silence and all, was duly read "at" the niece until she must have been a very much more stupid girl than she was not to realize the lack of interest in her own letters to bring all this about.

A few weeks later the mother received a second letter from Aunt May, and at its first words her hair rose. "In heaven's name," began the letter, "what does this mean about Charlie's marriage? May writes me that he is about to marry that dreadful blond that used to live on the back back of you and who afterward went on the stage and to whom I'm sure you wouldn't allow any of the children to speak to, much less have anything to do with. Oh, my dear Edith, don't write and tell me that it's so—and yet I do want to know all about it, and May's letter simply states the facts and—"

The distraught mother rushed to the fourteen-year-old. "What possessed you to write this awful, dreadful, disgraceful lie to your Aunt May?" she gasped. "You know there's not a word of truth in it. Answer me—how dared you?" The fourteen-year-old calmly took the letter, read it, returned it. "Do you think Aunt May will ever say again that I can't write interesting letters?" she said, with a smile.—New York Sun.

### FLORENCE AS A JOKER.

Two Pranks the Comedian Played on the Duke of Beaufort.

Through the elder Sothorn Billy Florence, the comedian, came to know the Duke of Beaufort, and they were excellent friends. Beaufort came to this country and was at the Giltsey House in New York a good while. Florence entertained his stay by several jokes, which were the talk of the town at the time. He told the duke that he was not looking well. "You need violent exercise," said he. "Now, I was troubled as you are. I used to strip to my underclothing and, taking a heavy chair in my hands, would run about my rooms, raising and lowering the chair a hundred times without stopping. It had a grand effect."

Florence insisted upon this for several days and got the duke into a mind for trying it. One afternoon when several eminent persons were going to call on the duke Florence persuaded him to try the great remedy. The duke undressed, and, seizing a great chair, he elevated it above his head and began racing around the room. He was in a fine sweat, with his eyes bulging, his face red and his veins standing out. Florence went to the office, and when the eminent and dignified persons arrived he said to one of them he knew:

"Going up to see his grace?" "Yes," said the man. "Well," said Florence, "I've been up to see him, and I'm afraid he's touched in his head. He is leaping about his room, making strange noises and breaking the furniture. Come up and see him. I think he ought to be restrained. His family ought to be told."

The eminent and dignified personages accompanied Florence and, peeping through a crack in the door, saw an apparent maniac dashing round and round, with staring eyes and flushed face. Then Florence shut the door and took them away to tell what they had seen, beginning, "It's very sad about his grace," until an impression was general that the Duke of Beaufort had gone mad. A few days later Florence hid the duke's clothing and poked his head in at the door and said, "Hurry out; the hotel is afire!" The duke presently appeared in the hotel office in a nightgown, slippers and a tall hat, thus confirming the unfavorable impression of his intellects.

### He Knew No Fear.

Prince Metternich was driving in Vienna one day during the congress of 1815 when the horses bolted, the carriage was overturned, and Metternich was thrown into the roadway. Finding he had no bones broken, he picked himself up and walked quietly away. The same evening he met the king of Naples, who had seen the accident.

"How horribly frightened you must have been," said the king.

"Not at all," answered Metternich. "It is no merit of mine, but I am constitutionally inaccessible to fear."

"It is as I thought," replied the king. "You are a supernatural being."

### Man and His Palate.

I suppose that every man's dream of married life is more or less mixed up with the idea of food—food that he can eat and can invite his friends to eat. The possibilities of the chafing dish are innumerable. Try your best not to fall into a hopeless rut. Do dainty cooking. Then some time it may be that the fragrance of a perfect Welsh rabbit will bring to your mind the first budding of love as long as life and as deep as the grave. Men are queer creatures, aren't they?—Cynthia Westover Alden in Success.

### Her Usual Remark.

"What did Mame say when her father gave her that new gold watch?" asked one gladsome girl.

"Oh, the same thing that she always says. She remarked that she was having a perfectly lovely time."—Washington Star.

### A Used Up One.

Nubbs—He went into the editor's office like a roaring lion and came out like a postage stamp.

Bubbs—How was that?

Nubbs—Licked.—Detroit Free Press.



1. John—He! He! Can't put a stove up without losing my temper, eh? I'll show her.



2. "Well, if I didn't forget to put down the cilicloth; however—"



3. I guess I can slide it under, and when she comes home she'll be—



4. surprised!"



### POOR MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Bobby—Mamma, don't cannibals live on people?

Mamma—Yes, dear.

Bobby—Then grandma must be a cannibal.

Mamma—Why, Bobby?

Bobby—Well, I heard papa tell Uncle George that she had been living on him for three years.



### HOW IT HELPED HIM.

She—I do love an outdoor lunch. It gives one such an appetite, don't you think so?

He—Yes, 'or dinner.



Teacher—Johnny, if cakes were 20 cents a dozen, and I gave you 10 cents how many would you get?

Johnny—None! I'd get candy.

## A Legend of the Snake Country

Once upon a time, long, long, ago, there was a certain great old forest. You can't begin to guess how old the forest was and how for century after century in the very heart of it dwelt the snakes as its lords and masters.

In another part of the forest, miles and miles away from its heart, was a little cabin, where lived a hunter with his young wife and their little boy. He was a very little boy then, and his mother loved him very dearly. She sung to him through the day and crooned a cradle song to him at even, and the little boy was happy indeed in such love.

But winter came and sickness, and the mother flew away on the wings of the snow. And then the little boy was lonely, for his father loved only his gun and the game he would shoot and spent days and days in the forest, leaving the child alone, with no one to talk to, no one to sing to him, no one to caress him when he hurt his little hands in play.

So it happened that gradually he ceased to play. His heart ached for companionship, but there was no other child for miles to play with. Then he went into the forest and talked to the flowers and the grasses, and they understood, but could not help him. Then he talked to the trees, but they were too busy with the clouds to notice him. So then he sought a creek that ran near by, and day after day would he come and sit on a rock and talk to it, and the creek seemed to answer him, yet he grew more and more lonely.

One day he sat weeping in his accustomed place when who should come up but the snake doctor, hurrying to the snake country to cure a patient. He had wings with which to fly very swiftly, just as a doctor has his carriage to take him in a hurry to you or to me. And in his flight the snake doctor saw the weeping child and paused. "Ho, ho!" he cried. "What's the matter?"

But the boy only cried the more. "Ah, I see. You are lonely, with your father off in the woods. Well, what you want is company. Now, in my country we have plenty of it. It's the best tonic in the world for young people."

So the doctor talked on, fluttering his wings all the time as if he were going to fly away the next moment. The boy was so glad to have any one to talk to that he dreaded to have the doctor leave him, and he cried out to him: "Will you take me there with you?"

Now, this surprised the snake doctor, and he answered:

"I hadn't thought of that, but I'll do what I can. I'll bring some young snakes to play with you."

And before the boy could thank him off flew the snake doctor and disappeared from view.

All day the boy waited, and at sundown two snakes came and talked to him. They were very gay and told him tales that made him laugh and cry in turns, and then, when he was tired, they told him they would come at sundown next day.

So they did and the next and the next, and so on day after day. They brought the boy handfuls of rattles and beautiful striped skins that had been shed, and he played with them. And sometimes they would talk of their own country and its wonders. They told how their king had eyes as big as wheels and a tongue forked like a rake, and so many things did they tell him that at last the boy begged them to take him to the snake country. At



### THEN HE TALKED TO THE TREES.

First they refused, but one day they came, carrying a leaf wrapped in dry grasses, and told the boy that this would let him pass unharmed into their land.

Oh, but he was glad to go, for his father did not love him and never spoke to him, and here were his dear friends the snakes.

So they set out in silvery moonlight time and by the gray mist of morning reached the outskirts of the snake country. Here the boy beheld the sentinels, their bodies erect like rushes, their heads awaying slightly like leaves in a gentle wind. They would have slain him, but his snake friends called out:

"He is our brother; here is his pass." So they paused, and, unwrapping the

dry grass from about the leaf, they read their king's mandate.

"Pass, little brother," they said and swayed their heads in greeting.

They went on through miles and miles of snakes until the boy beheld the wonderful king and all the strange things in that strange land. Then his friends took him to a great cave where the rattlesnakes lived, and there he remained.

After a long time his father suddenly bethought him that the boy might be able to help him in the hunt, and only then did he miss him. In vain he searched and asked the wild creatures, but although they knew they feared his gun and would not tell.

Then he asked the trees, but they had been too busy talking to the clouds to notice a little child. The father began to believe that the boy had been drowned in the creek, but when he questioned the creek, although she knew what had become of her friend, she was silent for his sake.

The father at last thought of the flowers and the grass, but the flowers drooped their heads and would not speak. Not so the grass, however. It was eager with its gossip and stood on tiptoe while telling its tale of the snake friends and how they glided through it to the boy and finally of their departure together.

Then the father got a rope and watched, and the first snake he saw he las-



THEY SLIT OUT IN THE SILVER MOONLIGHT and demanded that it take him to the snake country or off would come its head. The snake started, but so slow was its motion that the man was impatient.

"Faster, faster!" he cried.

"I have no feet to go faster," the snake made answer.

Just then they passed a fire of fag ote, and the cruel man lifted the rope and flung the snake on the fire. Then out came its feet, and it clambered out of the fire in a trice.

"Now I have found your feet!" the man said. "Faster, faster!"

And they almost flew, so swiftly they went.

Soon they came to the borderland, where the sentinels reared themselves like rushes.

"Let me pass unharmed or off comes the head of your brother," said the man.

And when they saw the lassoed snake they let him pass. So they went on until they came to the king, and of him the father demanded his son. The boy came, with his two friends twined about him, but he refused to go back.

"You do not love me! You were not good to me. You love only your hunting."

"Oh, my son! Come back!" the father begged.

"No," said the boy; "your gun is more your son than I. Let it serve you." And he turned and went back to the care of the rattlesnakes.

Sadly the father departed, holding the lassoed snake until he reached the borders, when he let it go.

After that he went about laughing to himself, seeing strange things and hearing uncanny sounds. He never saw his son again. But one day the son saw him as he played with his friends, hidden in an old skin. He laughed in his sport, and the father heard it and started up.

"It is only an echo from the hills mocking me!" he said. "I hear what is not, and what is I do not hear."

Then the boy went home with his snake friends, and from that day he put on the snakeskin forever.

"I will never leave you, my brothers," he said.

And if you met him today you could not tell him from a real snake. But he knows, and sometimes he leads his brothers away from men in his pity for them, and so he is the link of sympathy between snakes and man.—Edward Courtney in Philadelphia Times.

### Holidays.

If Dorothy her wish would speak, She'd have her birthday every week. Just think! And when the year is through Her age would gain by fifty-two!

If Harriet could have her way, It would be always Christmas day. She wishes Santa Claus would come And make her chimney place his home.

July the Fourth is Johnny's choice, The time when all the boys rejoice; But if that day were always here We'd soon be all burned up, I fear.

And merry old St. Valentine Would be the choice of Angeline. But, ah, I know if that were so The postmen all on strike would go!

So don't you think perhaps it's best For holidays as well to rest And be on hand with joy and cheer Just once in all the great long year!

—St. Michaels.

## WHEN LINCOLN DIED.

An Editorial by Greeley That Was Not Printed in The Tribune.

The following very remarkable story is told in "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" (Scribner's), by Edward Everett Hale. He is writing of Sidney H. Gay, then managing editor of the New York Tribune.

"I have never seen in print Gay's story of that fearful night when Lincoln was killed. But one hears it freely repeated in conversation, and I see no reason why it should not be printed now.

"With the news of the murder of Lincoln there came to New York every other terrible message. The office of The Tribune of course received echoes of all the dispatches which showed the alarm at Washington. There were orders for the arrest of this man, there were suspicions of the loyalty of that man. No one knew what the morrow might bring.

"In the midst of the anxiety of such hours to Mr. Gay, the acting editor of that paper, there entered the foreman of the typesetting room. He brought with him the proof of Mr. Greeley's leading article, as he had left it before leaving the city for the day. It was a brutal, bitter, sarcastic personal attack on President Lincoln, the man who when Gay read the article was dying in Washington.

"Gay read the article and asked the foreman if he had any private place where he could lock up the type to which no one but himself had access. The foreman said he had. Gay bade him tie up the type, lock the gate key with his article in his cupboard and tell no one what he had told him. Of course no such article appeared in The Tribune the next morning.

"But when Gay arrived the next day at the office he was met with the news that 'the old man' wanted him and the intimation that 'the old man' was very angry. Gay waited upon Greeley.

"Are you there, Mr. Gay? I have been looking for you. They tell me you ordered my leader out of this morning's paper. Is it your paper or mine? I should like to know if I cannot print what I choose in my own paper! This is a great rage.

"The paper is yours, Mr. Greeley. The article is in type on stairs, and you can use it when you choose. Only this, Mr. Greeley: I know New York, and I hope and believe before God that there is so much virtue in New York that if I had let the article go into this morning's paper there would not be one brick upon another in The Tribune office now. Certainly I should be sorry if there were."

"Mr. Greeley was cowed. He said not a word nor ever alluded to the subject again. It was by this sort of service that Mr. Gay earned Mr. Wilson's praise that 'he kept Mr. Greeley up to the war.'"

### Hindoo Dancing.

Hindoo dancing bears no similarity to that of the European. Stage acting in the shape of comedies and tragedies is hardly to be found among the Hindoos. The chief characteristic of their dancing is their dress, which very often is horrible and grotesque to look at. Their dancers consist of wrestling, jumping and moving the shoulders, hands, legs, as if agitated by violent convulsions, to the sound of musical instruments.

The Hindoo taste for music is so marked that there is not a single gathering, however small, which has not some musicians at its head. The instruments on which they play are, for the most part, claquets and trumpets; they have also cymbals and several kinds of small drums. The sounds produced by these instruments are far from pleasing and may even appear hideous to European ears.

The matras, or conductor, is the most remarkable of all the musicians. In beating time he taps with his fingers on a narrow drum. As he beats his shoulders, head, arms, thighs and, in fact, all the parts of his body perform successive movements, and simultaneously he utters inarticulate cries, thus animating the musicians both by voice and gesture.—Catholic World.

### Welsh Rabbit.

The famous John Chamberlain of Washington had a recipe for Welsh rabbit which was a poem. It is as follows:

"Welsh Rabbit.—Four ounces of cheese, half an ounce of butter, a spoonful of made mustard, two tablespoonfuls of cream, cayenne and black pepper to taste.

"Grate or chop the cheese then in a bowl with a spoon or in a mortar with a pestle, rub all to a uniform paste, adding or not, as you like, a tablespoonful of ale, porter, beer or champagne; make a slice of rather thick toast, which dip an instant in boiling water and place in the oven."

"Now transfer your prepared cheese mixture to a saucepan and stir over a gentle heat until melted, then beat up quickly and pour upon the toast and serve. This is a quantity for one person. Time required, from three to five minutes. This recipe won the respect of congress."—New York Herald.

### Turning the Tassel.

"Turning the tassel" is an interesting part of the commencement exercises at the Woman's college, Baltimore. All undergraduates there wear the cap and gown, and the place of the tassel on each mortar board designates the class of its wearer.

Beginning at the right hand corner of the square top over which the tassel must hang in case of a freshman, each of the other three corners indicates respectively the other three classes. At the moment when the seniors file back from receiving their diplomas every other member of the student body present by one concerted movement turns her tassel, thereby raising her rank.

### Great General of the Future.

"How is your boy in the army getting along, Willerby?" inquired the old friend of the family.

"By George, sir," enthusiastically answered the father, who had just received from Algy another urgent request for money, "that boy is a masterly campaigner already. He gets into all sorts of tight places, but he always manages to keep in communication with his base of supplies."—Chicago Tribune.

### Pertinent and Impertinent.

"Doctor, your tonic made a new man of me."

"A new man? Well, how is old



# THE HERALD.

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## For Portsmouth and Portsmouth's Interests

You want local news? Read the Herald.  
More local news than all other local dailies combined. Try it

TUESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1901.

We have had more than enough of Most.

The biggest battleship is to be named after the smallest state.

This is the week that Dartmouth honors the memory of Daniel Webster.

Gen. Funston has achieved another notable victory. He has won a fight with appendicitis.

That sea serpent seen off the coast of China was nothing, probably, but a dragon trying to escape from the country.

Schley did a pretty good job the second time he tackled the Colon, no matter what the opinion of Admiral Higginson is as to what Schley did or might have done the first time.

Kittery will have three murderers in the state prison when "Bush" McDonald gets there. But Kittery is no more to be blamed for the three than the nation is because of Crolynes.

To the credit of Senator Wellington, his "explanation" should be given as wide publicity as the fact that was perpetrated against him, but the fact seems to remain that he is a pretty small politician.

The Boston Globe daily reminds one of old school times with its "Poems You Ought to Know." It was a happy thought of the Globe to produce these old time gems of poetry and the person who was wise enough to clip out, from day to day, these articles, already has a scrap book of great value.

The manner in which Mr. Bryan has borne himself in these days of a great national shock and grief is worthy of high praise. He has been framed from suggestions such as might spring to the lips of one who was so opposite to the late president in all his views of public policy. He has shown himself above all an American rather than a leader of a faction or a party and his words are the sincere expression of the sorrow of one who could appreciate the worth of the dead, despite political antagonism. The spirit on the part of the man who twice measured himself against Mr. McKinley in the race for the highest honors should serve as a ringing rebuke to those others who have dared to raise their sneers. Mr. Bryan has won friends by his manly, simple tribute to his late opponent and has strengthened the faith of the nation in the goodness and the justice of the leaders of American thought and action.—Washington Star

## BILL OF THE PLAY.

A stage version of "Eben Holden" will be produced soon.

Leoncavallo, the composer, will establish an international theater in Paris.

The king of Greece has invited Mme. Helene to appear at the new court theater.

Elsie Leslie will play Glory Quynle to E. J. Morgan's John Storm in "The Christian."

It is announced that Hall Caine's latest story, "The Eternal City," will be dramatized by the author.

"The Fascinating Miss Ford" is the title of the new play Martha Morton has written for Ada Rohan.

William Collier, the comedian, has a bid for collecting theater programmes. He has already nearly 2,000.

When the London season fully opens, five of the biggest theaters will have American plays and actors as their attractions.

It is reported that Mme. Janansek, the veteran actress, is in a critical condition, having had another stroke of paralysis.

Thomas Jefferson, Joseph's son, will again star in "Rip Van Winkle." This is his fourth season in his father's famous role.

Georgia Mendum, a niece of John Drew, in whose company she has gained her stage training, has been engaged as leading actress to Joseph Jefferson.

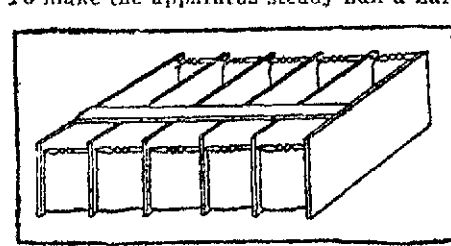
# CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

## AN INTERESTING GAME.

It is Played With Croquet Balls and a Homemade Box.

Some time ago, when traveling in northern Wisconsin, I came across a new game, which, although simple and easy to play, was so fascinating that I think every boy or girl would enjoy it.

Here is the way to make the apparatus needed: Take six boards about eight inches wide and two feet long and place them on edge in a parallel position, with the long edges to the ground. With a gimlet bore a hole in each corner of the boards and through each set of holes thus made insert an iron rod two and one-half feet long. Adjust the boards so that a space of about five inches intervenes between each two boards. Cut ten tin or wood doors, two inches wide and eight inches long to fit in the spaces under the rods and between the boards and then hang these doors on the rods with cord or wire, taking care to have them loose enough to swing freely. To make the apparatus steady nail a narrow board two and one-half feet long across the top of it, midway between the rods. You will now have a structure containing five oblong compartments, open at the top and bottom and closed at the ends by the swinging doors. Beginning at one end number the doors on one side of the apparatus 10, 20, 30, 40, 50. Now procure three large balls, croquet balls preferred, and your game is ready.



THE APPARATUS.

To play the game each contestant stands at a distance of thirty feet and rolls the balls, one at a time, about the ground at the little doors, the object being to send the ball with just force enough so that it enters one of the doors on the side toward the player yet does not go out through the corresponding door on the opposite side. Of course the larger the number on the door of the compartment in which the ball remains, the larger the count for the player. The game continues, the players of which there may be any number—each taking his turn at bowling the three balls until some one has 200 points.—Ljman H. North in Brooklyn Eagle.

"No Trouble to Show Goods." The merchant who lances this motto in his establishment, or, better still, lances it on his employees, adapting it, makes use of an excellent advertising system. One customer well served usually brings others.

"Have you any red sweaters?" asked a young man of a clerk in a large store.

"No," was the reply. "From this manner the customer had evidently asked for a red sweater just for a 'starter,' not having absolutely decided on that color. But the clerk's emphatic 'no' seemed to tell him from his mind all thought of asking for another color, so out he went, probably not to return.

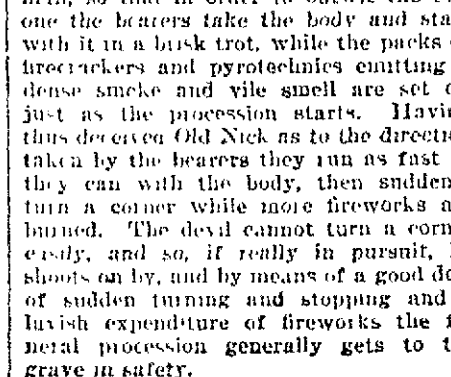
"Why didn't you show him some other colors?" asked the floorwalker.

"Why," answered the clerk in surprise, "he asked for a red one."

"Perhaps it was some 'trouble to show goods,' but what else is the clerk there for, and what else are the goods for?"—American Boy.

Strange Funerals. A Chinese funeral, so the Celestials say, never proceeds straight from the house of mourning to the graveyard. The devil is always on the lookout for funerals and follows them to seize the souls of the dead in, so that in order to prevent the evil one the hearse takes the body and start with it in a hawk trot, while the pucks of fireworks and pyrotechnics emitting a dense smoke and vile smell are set off just as the procession starts. Having thus deceived Old Nick as to the direction taken by the hearse they turn as fast as they can with the body, then suddenly turn a corner while more fireworks are hurled. "The devil cannot turn a corner easily, and so, if really in pursuit, he shoots on by, and by means of a good deal of sudden turning and stopping and a lavish expenditure of fireworks the funeral procession generally gets to the grave in safety.

Time He Doesn't Like.



There's a time to sing, to eat and to play,  
To work and to study, 'tis said,  
But the time that a little boy hates the most  
Is the time to go to bed.

—Edward Fraser.

School Humor.

"The grind of going over examination papers," said the principal of a school, "has the compensation if one has a sense of humor. Some of the answers are so funny, while others are unconsciously witty. One of the questions in the paper I went over this morning was, 'Name some of the causes of dyspepsia.' One boy's answer was, 'Eating green apples and drinking beer between meals.' Another answered, 'Drinking tea water and after dinner speaking.' Isn't that delicious? A third boy said dyspepsia was caused by going swimming on an empty stomach. Another question was, 'Name some of the vital organs of the human body.' One answer was: 'Heart, liver, lungs and lights. These are the three organs.'—Philadelphia Record.

# SCHWAB AND LABOR UNIONS

Is the Trust Magnate as Mean a Man as He Would Have Us Believe?

[Special Correspondence.]

There he before me as I write a picture of Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel corporation, and some statements made by him about the labor unions and the workmen. The following is what appears:

"The question of organized labor is not a question of wages. It is a question of more vital importance. It is a question of administration, of running your own works in your own way. I have nothing to do with labor organization, but if I was a workman, and I was at one time, I would not belong to a labor organization. They put all men on the same level.

"If I was a bright, alert, competent man, I would not be put in the same class with the poorest man. Organized labor means that no man can advance unless all the others advance."

I used "appears" advisedly in alluding to Mr. Schwab's statement because there is so much more in it than appears in the printed word. Interpreted according to its spirit, this is what Mr. Schwab says: "If I were in a shipwreck, I would rush for the lifeboat and leave all the weaker men, women and children to look out for themselves.

"If I were in the lifeboat and I were 'bright, alert and competent,' I would not consent to an equal division of the food; I would take what I wanted and let the weaker ones take what was left."

"If I was in a burning building, I would force my way out, even if in doing so I must trample on women and children and yet my feet in their hearts' blood."

This is the spirit of what Mr. Schwab says, and yet I cannot think he knows what manner of spirit he is of. It is an old saying that to the man wearing green spectacles everything looks green. To the man wearing commercial spectacles, not for a moment can I believe that Mr. Schwab would act, in case of a shipwreck or a fire, as is indicated by what he writes he would do as a workman.

I imagine that his actions, translated into words, would be these: "I am bright, alert and competent. I am not a pig; I am a man. As such these men and women are not my brothers and sisters. They may not be bright, alert and competent. All the more, then, they need me. I am now a cowardly brute to seek my own safety and welfare regardless of my comrades in danger. My brightness, alertness and competence shall be used in their service. At least I can see that the strong ones among them do not forget that they are men and, like beasts, trample down the weak ones. If I were to save my life now, while there is hope of rescue, and leave those to perish whom I might help, the shame and regret of it would haunt me as long as I live."

Of course Mr. Schwab would not stop to reason this all out. Being "bright, alert and competent," as by implication he says he is, he would act instinctively, and not having on his commercial glasses, he would act like "a man and a brother."

Nothing ever showed me the utter inhumanity of our present business condition so plainly as Mr. Schwab's opinion of the labor unions and the workmen. General Sherman said, "War is hell." He might have added, "It makes devils of men." The saying is just as true of industrial war as of any other kind.

Whether or not it is true that "organized labor means that no man can advance unless all the others advance," it seems to me quite true that organized labor must come to mean that before it can accomplish any permanent good. The Knights of Labor struck the same key when they said, "An injury to one is the concern of all." When the workmen recognize their unity and recognize the truth that all the people should be workers, it will not be long till workmen will be emancipated from wage slavery. All honor to every "bright, alert and competent" man who stays by his comrades and refuses to be advanced "unless all the others advance."

There is still room for heroism, for tenderness, for truth and bravery in this awful class struggle, however such qualities may be devalued as sentimental and unbusinesslike.

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.  
Denver, Colo.

TROTTER AND PACER.

Javelin, 2-084, has a foal at foot by Star Pointer, 1-504.

Martha Marshall is the only pacer that has won a heat from Dan Patch this year.

Harry Logan, 2-124, pacer, who was very successful in early races, has been returned to California very lame.

John Nolan, 2-08, now an almost forgotten horse, is said to be going sound again. He broke a bone in his ankle last year.

A. Corbin, Jr., drove his mare Maggie B. a mile in public at the Governor (N. Y.) track recently in 2:104. She was paced by an automobile.

Jenny Mc, by McKinley, is the dam of the three-year-old pacer Silver Coin, 2:104, by Stenway, and she is the first producing daughter of McKinley.

Nancy Hanks, 2:04, is now in the great brood mare list, having produced Admiral Dewey, 2:144, by Bingen, and Ralph Hanks, 2:274, by Ralph Wilkes.

Harry Hamilton has given to the West Point Military academy the colt Autumn King, by Mambrino King, dam by Almont, Jr., and his name has been changed to Hamilton Cadet.—Turf, Field and Farm.

# FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Young Phone Operator.

Virginia Pixley, 13 months old, daughter of William A. Pixley, knows how to use a telephone. She is believed to be the youngest long distance conversationalist in the world.

Virginia first had a dawning conception of the telephone four months ago when she discovered that by talking into the receiver she could negotiate with her father for candy while he was down town at his office. Mr. Pixley is one of the officials of the local telephone company.

The girls in the central office soon came to know who was wanted when a baby voice called over the phone, "I want my papa."

The most exacting duty of Virginia's nurse is to keep her away from the table which holds the telephone transmitter. She is able to recognize the voices of all the members of the family and to distinguish between them.

There seems to be something of hereditary in the child's fondness for the



VIRGINIA AT THE PHONE.

Instrument. She has mastered all the details of "calling up" and "ringing off" and is able to repeat the numbers of several telephones in the offices of friends of the family. From the time she was a few months old she watched her father with great interest whenever he used the phone. As soon as she learned to lip a few words she seemed to know intuitively that if she spoke them into the transmitter there would be somebody at the other end who would hear and answer her.

## The Bee and the Violet.

The following pretty fable is signed with a name de plume, but the Junior likes to give credit where it is due. The author is Penelope Clarke.

One day a honey bee went buzzing by a little violet.

"Good morning, pretty violet. How are you?" buzzed the bee.

"Good morning to you," said the violet, blushing as bright as could be.

"What good are you to the world?" said the bee. "You do nothing but lie in the grass."

The violet said nothing, but listened quietly to the bee's complaint.

"Look how smart I am," said the bee. "I supply people with honey, but you do nothing at all. I earn at once to be of some use in the world."

"I am of use," said the violet.

"Take my advice," snapped the bee. "But I can't waste my time talking to you." And away he flew.

Just then a girl and boy came into the garden and seeing the pretty violets stopped to pick them.

"Won't mamma be pleased?" said the girl.

"Yes," said the boy. "I would hate to be sick so long."

"This is the prettiest of them all," he said, stooping to pick up the violet who had spoken to the bee.

"It smells the sweetest of them all," said the girl.

"Yes, this is what I will do," thought the violet, filling the air with perfume.

The boy and girl went into the house and gave the violets to their mamma.

The bee, unconscious of this, went about his work.

A Glass of Water Under a Hat.

Place a glass of water under the table, put a hat over it and offer to lay a wager with any of the company that you will empty the glass without lifting the hat. When your proposition is accepted, desire the company not to touch the hat, and then get under the table and commence making a noise, smacking your lips at intervals, as though you were swallowing the water with infinite satisfaction to yourself. After a minute or two come from under the table and address the person who took your wager with, "Now, sir." His curiosity being of course excited, he will lift up the hat in order to see whether you have really performed what you promised, and the instant he does so take up the glass and, after having swallowed its contents, say, "You have lost, sir, for you see I have drunk the water without raising the hat."

Tit For Tat.

"Let's wait in the corner, Nell; and throw at young Ted's tail hat; it is only a bit of fun, you know; and there is no harm in that."

"Well, Tom, I should like to do it, but we must not hurt poor Ted; yet he looks so grand and stately, I should like to throw at his head."

"We ought to laugh at together; we wouldn't hurt any one."

He can throw at us back again, you know, and anybody are such fun."

"Well, how good, Nell! Well, Teddy! Look out for your own skin! Here's one, two, three; make ready for me to knock it flat."

But Teddy but is out in laughter. "I knew you had me in view. I was getting ready for this game. Here's one, two, three, for you!"

# OCEAN STEAMSHIPS.

NOW THEY ARE MADE READY TO MEET MISHAPS AT SEA.

The Life Saving Outfits That Are Carried by the Atlantic Liners. Paraphernalia Required by Law. Those Who Die at Sea.

Going down to the sea in ships is generally regarded as a risky business. Even persons who would take their lives in their own hands are squeamish about putting them into other persons' hands. This squeamishness doesn't keep many of them ashore, but it makes most men, and probably all women, wish they knew how many lifeboats stood between them and a watery grave.

When the manager of one of the lines of ocean steamers was asked what preparation his company makes for saving passengers in case of accident, he said:

"In the first place, we don't expect to have an accident."

"But if you do?"

"Then we have lifeboats, life preserving machines, and all the paraphernalia required by law. Our steamers sail between New York and an English port and are therefore subject to the regulations of the British board of trade as well as to the American rules. In order to clear a vessel carrying passengers from a British port we must be inspected or surveyed by the British surveyors before we can get a certificate. This has to be done before every departure from their ports. That means we are surveyed by their inspectors every few weeks. When that takes place, all our fire apparatus is examined, and we have to go through a part of the boat drill. A certain number of the lifeboats are swung overboard to show that they are in working order, and one of them is lowered to the water.

"We used to have drills at sea, but that meant that the whole ship's company must appear on deck. The women came up in their undershirts or without them, as the case might be. The stewards, the cooks, the butcher, and the baker, and the scullions, everybody turned out. It wasn't what you might call a dress parade, and we gave it up. Drills are had in port now. We have lifeboats with a carrying capacity of 1,500, although we rarely have more than 1,300 or 1,400 souls aboard. When we have carried over 1,500 out from England, we put on rafts for the balance."

A big ocean steamer carries a whole fleet of lifeboats. Here is the list of the boats carried by one of the German steamers: Ten steel boats of a capacity of 520 cubic feet each, two steel boats of 350 cubic feet each, twelve collapsible boats of 304 cubic feet each and two steel ones of 124 and 135 cubic feet respectively. The cubic capacity of a boat is of interest because upon that depends the number of persons it can carry. According to the law in this country, the carrying capacity of a lifeboat on an ocean vessel is found by multiplying the cubic capacity by six and dividing the result by ten. According to this rule, each of the largest steel boats above mentioned would be allowed to carry thirty-one passengers. As a matter of fact, they are expected to carry fifty or sixty.

The lifeboats are always ready for use. They are not elaborately stocked, but each one carries a certain list of articles such as a saw, a wrench, a screwdriver, as much as possible. Each boat carries two casks of water, a case of ship biscuit, nine oars, extra earlocks, sail and mast, hawsers for making signals of distress, lumps, oil, boat compass, axes, rope ladder with wooden rungs, bailers and plugs for stopping leaks.

The shipping regulations in this country require an annual inspection of steamers, which must be made only on written application by the owner, master or authorized agent. Our shipping laws are modeled on those of Great Britain, but in this respect are considerably less rigorous. We have no inspector to see that there is a full drill at the life saving appliances are ever tested, except once a year "on written application."

The certificate then issued is good until the next annual inspection. As for the drills, there is a law requiring them to take place once a week, and the fact that the drills are held to be entered in the logbook. Exact logs of the drills are always held and recorded and the busy inspector looks through the logbook for the whole year and satisfies himself that it is all there, then the excellent law is most excellently observed.

Here is the British regulation for the inspection of steamers carrying passengers: Each British steamer "A" ship shall not clear outward or proceed to sea on any voyage unless she has been surveyed under direction of the immigration officer at the port of clearance, but at the expense of the owner or charter thereof, by two or more competent surveyors, to be appointed, etc. The survey shall be made before any portion of the cargo is taken on board, except so much as may be necessary for ballasting the ship and such portion, if laden on board, shall be shifted if required by the surveyors."

While the proportion of passengers lost at sea is remarkably small, the proportion of those who die at sea is still small. One person, unaccompanied by friends are recommended not to shuffle off their mortal coil on shipboard unless they have a fancy for being buried at sea. Steamer passengers who die—and they form the majority of those who do—are always buried at sea and in very short order too.

In the case of cabin passengers it all depends on circumstances. All steamers carry one special coffin, but as a general thing only one. This can be hermetically sealed and would be used for bringing into port the body of any one of especial consequence or of any one accompanied by friends who objected to a burial at sea. If a man was not well known and was unaccompanied by friends, his body would not be carried to port unless the ship was only a day or two from landing. The steamship man who gave this information said it was rather a delicate question whether a corpse had any rights. He did not know whether the friends of a person who had been buried at sea would be able to do to prove because his body had not been brought to them. The captain's word is law aboard ship, and if he chose to bury anybody who had died he would probably be within his rights.—New York Sun.

Foiled.

"Their shaved, sir?" the barber said, with a rising inflection.

"Well, doesn't it do to singe it?" demanded Mr. Tyto-Phint.

"Makes it grow better."

"So you can get to cut it oftener, hey?" said Mr. Tyto-Phint fiercely. "No, sir! It grows too blamed well now!"—Chicago Tribune.

# PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. B.

Meets at Hall, Petros Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Willis B. Mathes, P. C.; Robert M. Herlick, N. C.; Allison L. Phinney, V. C.; Charles C. Charleson, H. P.; Fred Hooper, V. H.; Fred Gardner, K. of E.; Charles W. Hanson, C. of E.; Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; George P. Knight, S. H.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.

Meets at Hall, Union St., second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.

Officers—True W. Priest, K. R. H. S. Dow, T. I. R. Davis, S.

88600D LODGE, NO. 43, I. O. O. F.

Meets in "Old Fellows" Hall every Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—Frederic B. Higgins, N. G.; Charles J. Pendexter, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plummer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed whenever the lodge is in session. Watch for the flag. It is cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

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COLLEGE AND SCHOOL.

Dr. James W. Bashford has declined the presidency of the Northwestern university.

Dusseldorf, Germany, grants each of its high schools 500 marks a year to assist the teachers of foreign languages to perfect themselves by making short sojourns abroad.

Glessen university insures its students against accident, paying \$3,000 in case of death. Medical, chemical and veterinary students pay 20 cents a term for insurance; for the others no charge is made.

Miss May Esther Carter, a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan university and for several years woman principal of the West Virginia Conference seminary, has been elected principal of the Woman's college at Jacksonville, Ill.

OUR UNEASY NEIGHBORS.

Nothing could be more absurd than for those South Americans to begin killing each other. They have only got a few inhabitants to the square mile of territory as it is.—Exchange.

Like the Frenchman who every morning when he awoke asked what sort of a government he was living under, with each recurring sun the South Americans might inquire what the day's particular war was about.—Philadelphia Times.

A Woman's Voice.

An experienced aeronaut has noticed that the voice of a woman is audible in a balloon at the height of about five miles, while that of a man has never reached more than a mile.

China's Population.

Chinese historians estimate the population of their country in the year 711 after Christ at only 30,000,000. In 1850 the accepted figure was 65,000,000; in 1792 it was 307,000,000. The present population is probably between 370,000,000 and 400,000,000.

Beer







## SEEKING HARMONY.

HOW SHALL LABOR AND CAPITAL BE RECONCILED?

The Influence of Machinery on Industry—Ernest H. Crosby Has Faith in Free Trade, Free Land and Free Banking.

Ernest H. Crosby recently contributed an article to the New York Journal's symposium in the query, "How Shall Labor and Capital Be Reconciled?" The following is a portion of Mr. Crosby's very interesting article:

Capital and labor are at war. There can be no question about it. Pick up the morning's paper almost any day of the week, and you find accounts of strikes and lockouts and trade disputes. "Let us have peace," all good people are crying, but there is no peace, and we do not seem to know how to secure it. There are several kinds of peace. There is the peace that prevailed at Warsaw, a peace founded on massacre and outrage and itself the foundation of despotism and oppression. That is not the kind of peace that we long for. There is a peace that means life and a peace that means death, and we want the former. It must be a peace growing out of an honest attempt to establish justice and containing the germs of a continuous growth toward the ideal of absolute justice. We want nothing less than that.

But first of all we must know what the war is about. If you had been alive 150 years ago and some prophet had told you that in the year 1901 one man could by means of machinery do the work of 13, striking an average for all trades and industries, what would you have said? Would you not have exclaimed, "Why, then people will only have to work one-thirtieth as much as they do now, and with two or three hours' work a day they will have all the luxuries imaginable." Well, it is a fact. Today one man can do as much as 13 could in 1750. The wealth of the world has increased enormously. In this country especially it is increasing by leaps and bounds, and yet no less an authority than John Stuart Mill said 20 years ago that it was doubtful if machinery had lightened the toil of a single workman. This is perhaps an exaggeration. A man who has employment now usually gets somewhat better pay and works somewhat shorter hours than he did a century and a half ago. His scale of living is somewhat higher, but the advance he has made bears no comparison whatever with the ratio of 1 to 13 nor to the immense increase in wealth of the community.

Where has this new machine made wealth go? Look around you and see. One per cent of the families in this country own more than half of the wealth. There are several thousands of millionaires in New York city alone. Forty years ago there were hardly a dozen in the country. There were no tramps in those days either and very little talk of the unemployed. Now we have a steadily growing army of tramps, and they are beginning to write books about them, and the unemployed is always with us. When scarlet fever or diphtheria breaks out in a town, there is always a good deal of consternation. Placards are put on houses, families are quarantined, and mothers worry over their children. A tramp or a man seeking work in vain is a symptom of a far more serious disease than these and ought to excite much more of a fright. They are signs of the malaria plasmidium on Standard Oil and dissecting the anaphle mosquito that carries the contagion. They propose to exterminate this pest by applications of Standard oil, but they have not yet tackled the Standard Oil disease itself.

The gist, then, of the complaint of the wage earners—whether they know it or not—is that they do not receive a fair share of the wealth which they help to produce, and the glance which we have taken at the situation would seem to indicate that there is some justice in their complaint. I have seen the statement quoted from Mr. Carroll Wright, the national labor statistician (whether accurate or not I do not know), that the average rate of wages per year in this country was \$347 and the average product of each laborer is valued at \$1,888.

Besides this anomaly we must remember that there were about 1,000,000 men who could not obtain employment during the depression of 1892 to 1895 and a large number in 1893-4. If there were signs of steady improvement, we might make light of these figures, but the general tendency (except for temporary reactions) is downward. Machinery is becoming more perfect every day, more and more men are thrown out of work in consequence; where human beings are still needed women and boys are supplanting the men, and when "hard times" come again there will undoubtedly be more unemployed than ever.

I visited a mill some time ago which exemplified the progress of industry in a striking way. In it they manufactured cheap socks for workmen. There were 400 machines, and each machine made a complete sock by itself in five minutes. It began at the ankle, making the sock of blue thread. At the heel it substituted white thread and again at the toe. Then it cut the thread, laid the sock down and commenced on another. There was nobody near the machine during the operation. In fact, when I came into the room, which contained 100 similar machines, I saw no one at all.

Finally in the distance I saw the head of a small boy, and then another. There were five boys in the room, and each watched 25 machines—a bright boy can watch 25—and all they had to do was to oil and clean them, supply new thread when the great spools were exhausted and report any break in the machinery. In this factory 50 boys (there were several shifts) turned out

5,000 dozen pairs of socks a day, or as much as 50,000 people could have done 150 years ago. Each boy did the work of 1,000 people.

Now, the peculiar thing about such factories is that they employ so few persons, and only boys and girls at that. In this mill the only men were in the packing department. If this tendency goes on, what shall we do with our men? A workman of 40 is superannuated. In such factories as the above he is discharged at 20 or so. What shall we do with the men? We may have to hand them over to the street cleaning department to be dumped out at sea off Coney Island.

In another century a few hundred boys may be able to do all the work of New York, and there will be nothing human left except small boys and stockholders. Meanwhile what shall we do with our 5,000 dozen pairs of workmen's socks every day, with no workmen to wear them or, what amounts to the same thing, with no money to buy them? Is it not clear that we are getting into an industrial hole? We must find a market for the products which our unemployed cannot buy, and that is the reason why we are bagging the Philippines and Cuba and Porto Rico and any old island that comes along. If you explore the jungles of Luzon a year hence, I have no doubt you will see half naked savages sliding among the trees wearing blue socks with white toes and heels.

What would be likely to happen if we had free trade, free land, free banking and equal opportunities for all, as we might easily have if our affairs were not managed by greed? The maldistribution of the profits of labor is effected in three ways—through rent, interest and profit. The single tax would apply rent—that is, ground rent or economic rent, the unearned increment of Mill—to the benefit of all. Free banking would tend to reduce interest to the actual cost of banking operation, and free trade would tend to reduce profits to the actual cost of commercial operations, and each kind of freedom would help each other kind. In this way the channels by which the just share of labor in its products escapes would be stopped up, and every man would get the product of his labor, whether it be manual or mental. No wage earner that I have ever met objects to the payment in full of the value of management and superintendence. If a captain of industry's services are worth \$50,000 a year, let him have it, but under just and free conditions it is not likely that any man's services would be worth so much. It is because of the war of unnatural competition produced by the artificial scarcity of opportunities for labor, springing in its turn from the monopolies of land, trade, etc., to which we have referred, that great generalship seems necessary in our industries. In a time of commercial peace and good will the task of superintendence would be simple. It would be simply to serve the public and not to get ahead of competitors.

Yes; it is the monopoly of opportunities that makes the war between capital and labor so acute. All the natural resources of the country—the land, the coal, the oil, the iron—are locked up in some strong box or other, and if the workman loses his job he sees nothing but starvation before him, and this often makes him desperate. With equal opportunities for all there would be nothing to be feared in case of disturbance for the demand for labor would be great, and the workman would counterbalance much of the laboring unemployment as the employer in a "free" time. Employer and employee would see that they were mutually necessary to each other, and they would esteem each other as friends. It is only when each party occupies such a point of equal vantage that the war between capital and labor will cease, for neither side will be able to oppress the other.

Meanwhile the war goes on. Capital and labor, which ought to be allies and friends, are at sword's point. How is the warfare to be conducted? It is hardly necessary to urge forbearance upon both sides, for the unreasonableness of an advantage on either side in the end does harm to that side. If the mills are moved from McKeesport, it will be a serious blow to capital. If the strikers have recourse to violence, it will injure them most and influence public opinion against them. The public, in so far as it is a disinterested spectator, does not want tyranny of any kind, either from the trusts or the trades unions, but just at present they are so much more in danger of a capitalist oligarchy than from trades union dictatorship that their interests are pretty clearly on the side of the under dog. Trades unionism is a most valuable counterpoise to the despotism of monopoly. More than that, it is a great educational force among the wage earners, and within its limits it inculcates comradeship and brotherhood. It is teaching the people voluntary co-operation of a kind, and perhaps some day it may develop into a self-organizing democratic independent system of production, although it is not yet ripe for this. From every point of view it is to the interest of the public that trades unionism should thrive and improve, and to this end it needs the support of public opinion and must earn it by its wisdom and forbearance.

The fundamental justice of the wage earner's case—the importance of according him his just dues—is forcibly borne out by the religion which most of us profess. Christianity sprang from the Jewish church, and the Jewish church had its origin in a strike—the strike of the Hebrew bricklayers in Egypt—and Moses and Aaron were the first walking delegates on record.

The longest of the Ten Commandments was a labor law, fixing a six day working week in complete analogy with our eight hour statutes. The law

of Moses endeavored to secure to every citizen an equal right in the land. The prophets, many of them, were agitators for the right of the poor, and in the New Testament we find workmen—carpenters and fishermen—establishing Christianity on a basis of doing unto others as you would have them do to you. Every teacher of Christianity should be enlisted in the cause of labor and of industrial peace, and fortunately not a few of them are.

But our political faith as well as our religion sets up the standard of equal rights and equal opportunities. The Declaration of Independence is going out of fashion in our foreign dependencies, but we should at least keep it for home consumption. The equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness can hardly be said to exist in a land of slums and palaces, of child labor and unemployed and unemphatic luxury. To accept the present divided condition of our society as a finality is to be untrue not only to our Christianity, but to our democracy. Our political democracy is nothing but a mask behind which our industrial oligarchy hardly tries to hide itself. The real power has passed from our statehouses and city halls and is now centered in the counting room and chamber of commerce. Unless we can democratize these our constitutions have become useless trappings, and we may as well admit that they give us no more assurance of freedom than did their senates and consuls to the subjects of the Caesars. And the first step toward the democratization of business is the abolition of the unjust privileges which it enjoys and a free and frank recognition of the ill which the wage earners suffer in consequence.

But even to those who turn a deaf ear to the plea of religion and democracy we can appeal with equal force in the name of fair play. Every man worthy the name must respond to that appeal. You would not cheat at cards or sell out a horse race or refuse an equal chance to a rival in an athletic contest. Can you then consent to play the game of life with loaded dice or insist on every handicap that wealth and chance have given you? Is it fair to match your steam yacht against my leaky scow, your thoroughbred against my broken down nag? A fair field and no favor, this is all that men need for the present at any rate. The field is not fair, and the favors are sold over the counter at Washington and Albany. Until there is a general willingness to accord fair play in the relations of life the war between capital and labor will continue. Its evils may be mitigated and its excesses limited, but it will still be waged. When fair play becomes the watchword of trust as well as of trades union, then at last we may expect an enduring industrial peace.

### Troops For Strikers.

A Washington special to the New York World says: The commanders of the military departments into which the United States will soon be divided will be called upon to consider the matter of rearranging the assignment of the army to posts.

Although the officials of the war department will not acknowledge it, the question of getting troops into the large industrial centers where strike disturbances cause violations of general laws is one of the points that will be carefully considered.

This discussion may lead to the establishment of posts near cities like Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Buffalo and Birmingham, where garrisons of from two companies to a regiment are likely to be kept.

The establishment of big garrisoned posts near industrial centers will also solve the mobilization problem, for all of them are abundantly supplied with transportation facilities.

### John Burns and the Trusts.

My greatest hope for future peace and assertion of labor's rights is in awakening the public to the scourge of such institutions as trusts. They have it in their hands, and if rightly managed the ballot can be made just as effective as the bullet.

Whether the employers be successful or not in the present strike the men's protest has brought America one step nearer to the conviction that the only solution of the difficulty is municipalization of monopolies and nationalization of trusts. Till that is accomplished workers must resist every encroachment on their rights and improve their organizations and get more and more command over the appointment of rulers.—John Burns.

### From Labor's Point of View.

My name is Labor! And, though some despise me, I am proud of what I am, of what I have achieved. "Praise God who raised me up and gave to me my mighty part!"

The stage of life, the same eternal God Who, not ashamed to work, was occupied, Age after age, in fashioning the earth, The universe and all that therein is!

Behold the cities of the world! 'Twas I Who laid their strong foundations and who reared Their massive walls. You gaze with wonder 'neath

Upon the pyramids and quite forget That I cut those huge stones and lifted them. Seest that august cathedral where, forthwith, A carpenter is worshipped? My own hand

Produced, yes, and the organ whose rich tones Do make the place indeed the gate of heaven. "There go the ships!" My handwork they are. I laid their keels and formed their ribs and sent them forth upon the deep; and who but I constructed those fleet trains which glide across

The land upon those tracks of steel which I have placed? And who but I hath wrought and strong

The wires—long which electric currents fly With varied messages from man to man? You speak of poets, painters, sculptors; yet I make the pens, the brushes and the blades With which they do their work, even as I make

The wheels which warriors wield, the telescopes Which ward off long of evil deeds from the stars And all the instruments of surgery.

I cannot tell it all, nor is there need. This is enough, perhaps, to make you think. Doubt me if you will; I proudly stand Before the world and point to what I am, To what I have achieved from age to age, And find a keen amusement in my mien.

—William Carey Sheppard in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## THE COST OF A SONG.

Over and over and over the songs of our life are sung that far distant day when first the lute was strung. The same today as in ages gray when first the singer's high-art song sang its gold, and the soul of man from the depths of the human heart.

To sing the song that lingers in his heart from when men were brave and women fair and life was in its May. Is the singer's part of gladness when he gives his soul to man

In a song that lives because sweet pain has changed his earlier plan.

The hawk, the hermit and the bin and all life's spreading plain. To the singer must be singing if he man's soul would gain. Men in his soul unsatisfied strive for what cannot be;

He grasps at a star and holds in his hand a drop from the sounding sea.

Over and over and over, since the towers of time were old; Over and over and over, since the clouds gave the living wall;

Over and over and over, since the lines of our lives began, Has man gone out from the marching host to sing of the soul of man.

The singer who sang of the pyramid's prime has gone the ways of men. But the sun and moon and human heart are just the same as then.

The host of man is a restless sea of varied star and clime. And only when its depths are stirred comes song on the shores of time.

Over and over and over, since wrong had realm and state; Over and over and over, since the shades on the living wall;

Over and over and over, singing of sun in the rain, The chosen of God are bringing the voice of song from pain.

—James Riley in Yonkers Statesman.

## THE ROOKIES.

### A TALE OF WAR.

"Holy gorillas!" exclaimed the major, looking askance at the file of rookies who had just halted in a ragged line before him. "Is this what I left my stool for? I was tired of that stool, too, but I didn't know what was before me. No, I didn't know!"

The major glanced down the file again and sized them up. First came a pale faced boy in store clothes and a celluloid collar. Beside him stood the huge bulk of a longshoreman, next the nervous, wiry frame of a cow puncher, next a fat boy who for all the world might have just stepped out from between the covers of some musty copy of "Pickwick Papers," next a youth with a handsome pair of black eyes and fine frank face, next a lank fellow of twenty odd years with the look and the lean of a mountaineer, next—

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the major. "An Indian, if I'm alive! And this is what I'm up against. For heaven's sake, sergeant, take 'em away. Anywhere—yes, to the barracks or to the devil, if you wish; but the next time you bring 'em out have 'em in khaki or I'll go mad."

The sergeant saluted and dragged the batch across the green to what the major had called the barracks. There were six rows of milk white tents perched upon the crest of the greenest of hills, and that day they were silhouetted against the bluest of blue skies and a deeper blue sea.

The major stood for a time gazing despondently after the batch, but when he caught sight of the blue sea and sky his face brightened, and with a spring in his steps and a song on his lips he climbed to the hilltop to one side of the camp, sat down on a bowlder and gazed seaward. The sun warmed the major's back, the beauty that spread before him warmed his heart, and soon he stretched out upon the ground with a small stone as a pillow and went to sleep. By and by, how long does not matter, he was awakened by voices and beheld before him the rookies sitting in solemn conclave a little way down the hill. The pale faced boy was speaking.

"He ain't much for looks."

"G'wan," interrupted the longshoreman. "Did ye mind them harrums o' hisn an' the snap in thim goggles? Did ye mind 'em? I ask ye. Well, ye kin look out for 'im ef ye, mind ye, phvat O'm tellin' ye—we gits into onny fightin'."

The cowpuncher opined of the major words too dreadful to print. They were so unusual that even the longshoreman, he of the picturesque verbiage, was shocked into swallowing his quid without a gasp and dropping his pipe.

It was the fat boy's turn, but he only snored. Then the black eyed youth spoke up. "Tom," he said to the cowpuncher, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, "we wouldn't mind your cursing if we could only understand what you said. Won't you say it over again?"

The longshoreman aroused at that, and stretching his long arm, he grasped the cow puncher by the collar and asked:

"Was it that little major ye was cursin' in that way? Ef it was, jest ye swallow it. Mind ye, darlin', it's Mike O'Hoolihan o' the Red Shtar loine phvats a-talkin' to ye, mind."

Then Mike dropped the cowpuncher, who fumbled around his hip pocket for a moment and then lay still.

The black eyed youth grasped Mike's hand, and the talk passed to the mountaineer.

"Be he a revenoo man?" he asked. "I've shot at a many a one of 'em, but never met 'em face to face."

The cowpuncher looked gratefully at the mountaineer, and that time his hand lay upon his hip pocket meditatively.

"Rifle?" he asked.

"Yep," said the mountaineer.

A moment of silence, and the Indian

glanced from one to the other, grunted and rolled over to sleep, with his head resting upon the upturned stomach of the fat boy. This act sent the major into a fit of laughter. He could not get up if he would, so he began to roll down the hill as he had done many a time in his boyhood, and presently he landed against the guy ropes of his own tent in "officers' row." The next time that the major looked upon the file of rookies it was with keen interest.

Now, between the major and this file of rookies came a captain, two lieutenants, the usual complement of sergeants and a corporal or two. Of all these none is of any account in this yarn except the first sergeant, because he trained the rookies and made them what they were when they and the major came to a perfect understanding. In the meantime the captain had bit the dust at the stroke of a Manner bullet, one of the lieutenants had died of fever, and the other one had disappeared. As for the other fellows, no sergeant but a first sergeant is any good for a year, and a corporal—he's good for nothing at all.

This sergeant was named Grimes. How old he was no one but he knew. He was a soldier, though, every inch of him, and when the scratch came it was he who played lieutenant to the major. That came about because when the battalion deployed on the morning of that memorable day in the jungle on the banks of Hell river Grimes' company took the center of line. It was then that the sergeant and the major had a tiff.

"Major," said Grimes, "git out o' the way o' fire when them regulations say ye must. In there where ye be ye'll be kilt."

"I will not, Grimes," said the major. "Did I get behind when we chased Geronimo?"

The sergeant gave a sardonic grin. "That ye did not, major, God bless ye, but ye've got to this time." With that Grimes encircled the major's waist with his arms and made to bear him to the rear, while the company lay smothering in the pampas, burning inside with desire to be up and at the run behind the sickly yellow flag that flopped beyond the hill.

"Kittle him, they calls it, eh?" said Mike, the longshoreman, to the black eyed youth.

"Hishit, phwat's that?"

This time it was the major speaking. "You knew I'd do it, Grimes," he said, "but you wouldn't heed."

"By the 40 articles, it's your right," said Grimes, spitting out a discarded tooth, "but ye are behind me line."

And he was, but the best Grimes could do was not make the major lie down. The line lay between Hell river and the hill, a thousand miles or more from the hill where we left them awhile ago, with the rookies on one side snoring in the summer sun and the major rolling down the other side threatening at every turn to burst his waistband with the laughter he was holding in. They were in another clime, too, under a sun that burned like a scourge. Mosquitoes? No, they were Mauser bullets, clipping at the tops of the pampas grasses, scattering the delicate blossoms on the heads of the file. Behind them were other files, some of them wading Hell river knee deep in mud and shoulder deep in water. But that didn't save them, for the fellows behind the yellow flag on the hilltop had got the range, and almost every minute some one of them went down to settle there in a slimy grave. Some cried out, others only groaned. Some were silent and just sank, arms, haversacks and all, to join the roll of the "missing after the fight."

But not one of the file in the front looked like a rookie. The fat boy was nearly as fat as ever, and his little pig eyes gleamed savagely as he strove to get two fat fingers inside his trigger guard at once. Now and then one of them swore. It was always the cowpuncher first, until he laid down his gun and crawled to the rear. A Mauser took him in the skull. One kick, and he lay still.

The lank rookie shuddered, and, impelled by an impulse he did not understand, he rose to bring the cowpuncher back.

Zing, zing, zing, zing!

"Listen to them!" sang out the black eyed boy. Down went the lank boy, his brains spilling into his hat. Then there were five of them.

Where all the rest of the company was only they and maybe their officers knew. The pampas hid everything. They might have charged. History says they did, but there is a dispute on a point of precedence in the matter. Some say that the seven rookies and the major and Grimes were left behind, but the major said no, and what were left of the lot agree with him.

It was the mountaineer's turn to go, it seemed, after the others had quit the light. He saw those two lying side by side, and his nervous force left him. But he was no coward. He did not shrink, as he might have done and often had doubtless. He got a good grip on his Krag, staggered up until his great length raised him even above the tops of the pampas. Then he doubled up like a jackknife, clapped his hand to his throat and rolled over, with his head next to the Indian's ribs.

"God!" said Mike and glanced down the file. There were beside him the Indian, the fat boy and Steve, with his black eyes flashing. They said nothing more, but lay listening to the major and Grimes, who were at it again.

"Now, with Geronimo!" Grimes was saying, "we didn't have to wait for no orders. We got 'em first them days, eh, major? It's heads we wants. I'll come, major, an' afore long they'll be after makin' major generals an' sich out'n sergeants. Sergeants, I tell ye! Be ye listenin' to me?"

Just then came a tremendous shouting to the left. The big guns began to boom, and overhead the remnant of the major's file saw the shells sail and

burst. One of them exploded directly overhead, and the fat boy yelled.

"Keep it up, young un!" cried Grimes. "I'll do ye good."

The major began to get excited, and Grimes, watching him eagerly, whispered to the file:

"Git yer knees under ye, boys. If ye fall us, it'll be worse'n a settin' up ye'll get when the day's over." They got their knees under them, those four, and lay ready to spring. Grimes could not keep his superior down, try as he would, and when a hoarse shout sounded near them and a white haired old man, alone and on foot, broke through the grass before them, the major shouted, "Charge!" and disappeared.

Up they all went, but they fired never a shot until the slope of the hill brought them up, when, if they had looked back, they would have seen Hell river winding its sinuous way amid the tangle, bearing on its muddy surface a straying and melancholy fleet of empty campaign hats, sole signs of those who had worn them. But there was no such thing as stopping until they were entangled in the barbed wire guard, half way up, where they stood in the line supremely helpless, but supremely heroes. Not one had a knife save his bayonet. But there flopped the yellow flag, looking green now, in the rising mist of the smokeless powder. How it mocked them only they can know. They clubbed their rifles and beat the tangled wires down. Then they ran, tumbling, clogging and crying, until the new turned clouds on the earthworks beneath the flag met their eyes. The major flung up his arms, and the five—the sergeant had picked up the mountaineer's rifle—dropped down and fired. One volley rang out, then another, another and yet two more, and they paused to load again.

A bugle called the charge, and, still cramming the cartridges home, the little band rushed on. Another bugle call, and Grimes yelled:

At 'em, at 'em, at 'em, er we'll get left!"

Then they were where the mist and the smell of the fight held them complete. One more rod, and their feet would be on dead earth. Grimes waved his rifle over his head, and the four rookies formed a phalanx. In a time of peace Grimes would have laughed at the show they made. Funny? Granted, but funny as grief is when a man's laugh grates and makes your blood run cold.

Then they marked time to the rhythmic swing of Grimes' rifle, with the bullets cutting the air between their very elbows.

"Charge!" cried the major, and Grimes' rifle bumped his forehead in a salute. And the phalanx charged evenly, step by step, stride by stride, until the major gave a yell that had been Geronimo's and their feet were upon the yellow clouds.

"Fire!" yelled Grimes. Five volleys blazed forth, and in a twinkling there was not a yellow face to be seen before them, for the trench was empty.

There had been six of them at that supreme moment, and some hours later there were only four, but then the sun had gone down, and in the far off sky over the water the first lone star of the Southern Cross burned like a watch lantern against the blue black sky.

All about them the campfires burned, and over the hill and valleys hummed the sounds of thousands of men resting on their arms. The four had dug two graves just outside the breastworks between the trench and Hell river, and in them they laid with reverent hands the bodies of the two heroes—the fat boy and the Indian. Then they covered them over with the yellow earth and left them where they had fallen just outside the works at the moment of victory.

"What a death to die!" said Steve to the major, and in reply, while Mike Grimes and Steve stood with uncovered heads, the major lifted his face to the stars and uttered Geronimo's yell.

Then they lay down to sleep.—New York Sun.

Her Compliment.

"Talk about your corduroy roads," said a young actress who played here recently, "just let me tell you about the jolt the chambermaid dealt me the other morning. She has been letting me overdraw my towel account right along, so I felt that I was due to show my appreciation, and I gave her a pass to the show. She had a seat just to leeward of the orchestra leader, and I copped her out for my bulksy the minute I came on. I don't want to give myself a curtain call, but I do get them going the minute I cut in in that part, and there's something doing the whole time I am on the stage. I worked overtime last night showing that chambermaid the real thing. I was it. I was the whole programme, with footnotes. I made the hit of my life. This morning I met her in the hall.

"Did you enjoy the performance last night?" I asked, giving her the cue to hand me out a few well chosen testimonials.

"Oh, yes," said she. "I thought it was lovely."

"Did you?" I asked, getting ready to bow my thanks.

"My, yes! she went on. 'I liked it ever so much. The scenery was just perfectly grand.'—Washington Post.

Didn't Change the Name.

A man named Palmer a long time ago made the English town of Rugeley notorious by an atrocious murder, and a deputation of the inhabitants waited on the home secretary with a petition for leave to change the name. The minister hesitated and asked what name they proposed to substitute. They replied that they had not decided.

"What do you say," he said, "to taking my name?" They expressed their unqualified delight and obtained the home secretary's consent to this method of obliterating the memory of the obnoxious Palmer. The home secretary in question was Lord Palmerston.

The town is still known as Rugeley.

Orthodox Mother—Ethel, how many times must I tell you it is wicked to pick flowers on the Sabbath?

Ethel—But, mother, I'm only picking real Sabbath ones—Adam's thread and needle, timothy, Solomon's seal and Jack in the pulpit—Life.

When a man starts out to get even with anybody, he is never satisfied until he comes out ahead.—Chicago News.

If you owe any one a grudge, mark it paid.—Dallas News.

## HANDWRITING EXPERTS.

How of Them Explains How They Do Their Work.

It would seem from the frequent appearance of handwriting experts in the courts and the charges they make for their services that there must be something occult about the science of chirography and that the ways of the hand-writing expert must be a queer and devilish science, however, it all appears exceptionally simple. One of the best known of these experts a few days ago explained his plan of work in this wise:

"When a writing of unidentified authorship is submitted to me, I aim to determine the dissimilarities it exhibits from a conventional standard. Every person writes with a certain general movement, these movements being classified under the heads of firm movements, wrist movements and finger movements. The trained eye can see at a glance according to what general system the writing is penned.





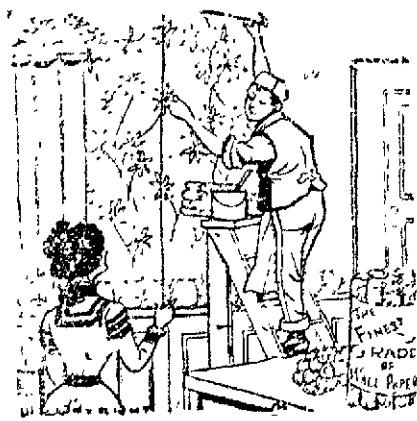


# TRUSSES

Having all the latest improvements in TRUSSES, combined with the "KNOW HOW," enables us to GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. Try us! If we fail to fit you, it costs you nothing.

A full line of  
**Shoulder Braces**  
**Supporters**  
—AND—  
**Suspensories**  
Always on hand.

**PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY**



## SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER

Now as we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

**J. H. Gardiner**  
10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth.

## Gray & Prime

DELIVER  
**COAL**  
IN BAGS

NO DUST NO NOISE  
111 Market St. Telephone 2-4.

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.  
**C. E. BOYNTON,**  
BOTTLED OF ALL KINDS OF  
**Summer Drinks,**

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer, Tonic, Vanilla Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.  
Bottler of Elderidge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

**ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED**  
A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general. Every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

**C. E. Boynton**  
16 Bow Street Portsmouth

**CEMETERY LOTS CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE**

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be entrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of graves, and the directing of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies. In addition to work at the cemeteries he will do turfing and grading in the city at short notice.  
Cemetery lots for sale, also Loan and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Elm, Park Avenue and North Street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Hallowell, corner of R. R. Street and Market Street, will receive prompt attention.  
**M. J. J. GRIFFIN.**

## THE HERALD.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1901.

### CITY BRIEFS

Who repairs your shoes? John Mott, 31 Congress St.

A local secretly organized body is looking for permanent quarters.

Many people from this city will take in the races at Dover this week.

Minshrooms will be out of sight this fall; it is said to be an off year for them.

This week the Globe Grocery Co. will open their Fall styles of Floor oil cloths.

The board of assessors held a meeting on Monday evening in the aldermanic chamber.

It was very dull at police headquarters on Monday evening. There was "nothing doing."

WANTED.—Two young ladies as millinery apprentices. Address P. O. Box 1215.

WANTED.—A good, hustling, strong boy. Steady employment. Apply at the Herald office.

The annual meeting of the great council of New Hampshire, I. O. R. M., will be held in Dover Oct. 2, 3.

The Fall styles of Ladies Skirts direct from New York can be seen at the Globe Grocery Co. cloak rooms.

Store dealers, planbers and tin workers are overwhelmed with orders and working overtime to keep up with the rush.

When doctors fail, try Burdock Blood Bitters. Cures dyspepsia, constipation; invigorates the whole system.

The Good Templars of Rockingham county held a district lodge meeting at Exeter last evening, with John J. Blodgett.

Takes the burn out; heals the wound; cures the pain. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, the household remedy.

A strong, able-bodied woman can secure a permanent position, inside work, washing floors, etc. Inquire at Chronicle office.

WANTED.—A bright, young lady stenographer. One capable of doing type writing, and to assist in office work. Inquire at Chronicle office.

The building boom still continues in this city and the carpenters have work enough on hand to keep them employed well into the winter months.

The toothsome bake served at the Yacht club banquet at Clark's island on Sunday was prepared by Messrs. W. H. Plimney, James Lee and Dr. Boylston.

Portsmouth theatre goers are to have a chance to see the great Chicago and New York production of Quo Vadis. It will be given here in its entirety.

It's folly to suffer from that horrible plague of the night, itching piles. Doan's Ointment cures, quickly and permanently. At any drug store, 50 cents.

A change went into effect in the street railway timetable Monday whereby the last car for Hampton beach and Portsmouth leaves Exeter at seven o'clock.

The Colonel Sisco Engine company are sending out invitations to their friends to visit their headquarters on Firmin's day between the hours of eight and ten a. m.

One of nature's remedies; cannot harm the weakest constitution; never fails to cure summer complaint of young and old. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Next week the Globe Grocery Co. will have an opening of Ladies' Fall Style Hats, being the New York fashions. The prices will be from 50 cents to thirty-five dollars each.

The veteran fireman had his tub, the True W. Priest, on the square on Monday evening and squirted a good stream down Daniel street. The tub will take part in the muster at Ancebury.

James E. Whalley has returned from Manila to his home at Madbury. He returned on account of a fever which he contracted during the latter part of his stay in the new possessions, where he went with the 1st Inf., U. S. V., and he also served as clerk of the Metropolitan police force in the city of Manila.

A Breath of Pine Balsam in every cake.

**Harfina SOAP**  
A Product of Perfect Purity  
**Cures Pimples**

**DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED**

**FREE**

## WORMS

Hundred Children and adults have worms. Look for them in the face, nose, mouth, throat, chest, stomach, bowels, and in the urine. They are small, white, thread-like, and often seen in the stool. They cause many diseases, and are a source of great annoyance. They are easily cured by the use of True's Pin Worm Elixir.



**TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR**  
is the best worm remedy made. It has been in use since 1851, and is purely vegetable, harmless and effective. Where no worms are present, it acts as a tonic, and cures the chronic inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels. A positive cure for Constipation and indigestion, and a valuable remedy in all the common complaints of children. Price 25 cents. Ask your druggist for it.

He was also employed as clerk in the custom house.

Samuel J. Dow of Seabrook, is suffering with a bad wound in his arm, the result of a knife thrust that narrowly escaped striking a vital spot. He became engaged in an altercation with one of the Italian laborers engaged in railroad work in the town and the man drew a knife and struck Dow, who threw up his arm and received the blow. Bystanders interferred.

### PERMANENT MUSCULAR STRENGTH.

There is this to be borne in mind in these days when so many young men are giving so much attention to muscular development, in gymnastic and athletic exercises, that there cannot be permanent muscular strength where there is not blood strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives blood strength, promotes digestion and assimilation, and builds up the whole system.

### OBITUARY.

Blanche May Muchmore.

The death of Blanche May Muchmore, adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Muchmore of No. 36 Marey street, occurred on Monday afternoon, her age being eight years, four months and one day.

Mrs. Mary S. Littlefield.

The death of Mrs. Mary S. Littlefield occurred at the home of her daughter, Mrs. F. A. Higgins on Deer street to day, her age being fifty-nine years. For the past year Mrs. Littlefield had been a great sufferer from dropsy. The funeral services and interment will take place in Stratford on Thursday forenoon.

Jeremiah Benfield.

Amon A. Benfield of this city was notified on Monday of the death of his aged father, Jeremiah Benfield of Fremont, who passed away on Sunday after a long life of eighty years, one month and eighteen days. His death was quite sudden, he having suffered a shock. He was born in Oxfordshire, England, and came to this country in 1850. He married Mary J. Wilcomb of Chester, in which town they resided for ten years, and then removed to Fremont, where the past forty years of his life had been spent in farming and mercantile pursuits. Mr. Benfield leaves a widow and six children, Wilcomb B. of Fremont, Arthur of Peabody, Mass., Albert and Manson of Boston, Amon C. of this city and Mrs. Mary B. Pollard of Raymond.

### BRAVE AND SKILLED.

Modest Hero Saves Boy from Drowning at Dover Point.

There was a daring rescue of a child from drowning near the pier of the Dover Point bridge by a man whose name was not learned. Simoon Perrault of Rochester went to the Point with his two sons for an outing. While fishing off the pier the 4-year-old son fell into the river. The child would have been lost in the swift running tide had not a bystander, who saw the accident, instantly jumped off the pier and swam to the rescue. The boy was going down for the third time when his brave rescuer reached him.

The Piscataqua is very dangerous at that point, and only by great daring and skill was the rescue accomplished.

### HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, Sept. 24—Schooner Ned P. Walker, Perth Amboy for Exeter, with coal; tug Piscataqua, Boston, towing barges Newcastle and Eliot for Eliot and Newmarket for York; tug Gattysburg, Philadelphia for Boston, towing barge Gilbertown, with coal for local dealers; tug Shawanese, Perth Amboy for Portland, leaving barges Baltimore and Brunswick, with coal for Dover; schooner James A. Parsons, Port Reading for Kennebunk, with coal; tug Plymouth, Port Johnson for Boston, leaving barge C. R. R. of N. J. No. 11, with coal for local dealers; schooner Hattie Lewis, Gloucester, with salt for local dealers.

Sailed, Sept. 24—Barge Eckley, Perth Amboy; schooner Anna Sargent, Gloucester; tug Shawanese, Perth Amboy.

## SHOT AND KILLED HIMSELF

Herman Shapleigh of Eliot, a Blacksmith and Farmer.

No Known Reason for the Act of the Man; Probably Insanity.

Put a Bullet Into His Brain and Died Instantly in His Shop.

Herman Shapleigh of Eliot, a farmer and blacksmith, committed suicide in his shop at Eliot this forenoon by shooting himself in the head with a revolver. The bullet entered his brain and he died immediately.

Mr. Shapleigh leaves a family and there is no known cause for the act. His age was about forty five years. His shop is nearly opposite the store of George Ireland in Eliot.

Mr. Shapleigh was supposed to be prosperous and happy. As far as his neighbors state, they know of nothing that would have caused him to be dependent, and he was probably temporarily insane.

### BAD BILLS ARE ABOUT.

Counterfeit \$10 Notes Circulated in Boston and Vicinity.

Counterfeiters have spread a lot of counterfeit \$10 treasury notes in New York city and Boston that are a very poor imitation of the genuine. The circulation of them in New York has been extensive, but very few have been put into circulation about Boston.

Secret service men in both cities have been detailed in unusual numbers to hunt down the gang, and it is expected that the clues now in possession of the government detectives in New York will result in locating the headquarters of the counterfeiters. As the bills have been circulated in both cities simultaneously, it is believed that the gang is strong and well organized.

The counterfeit, however, is a poor imitation, and ought to be easily detected. It is of the photo-lithograph variety. The bill is of the series of 1880, with the portrait of Webster, and bears the signature of J. W. Lyons as register and Ellis H. Roberts as treasurer. The seal is of red, and the details in the latter work are lost. The back of the note is a muddy green. The bill bears the check letter K, but the plate number is indistinct, being either 10 or 16.

If you want to laugh, see Peck's Bad Boy at Music Hall tonight.

### PERSONALS.

Howard Hanson passed Monday in Boston.

Mrs. E. D. Stoddard and daughter are visiting in Montreal.

C. W. Vreeland, representing Gor ton's minstrels has been in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. B. Bleeker, U. S. N., are to visit friends in this city.

Dr. Fred S. Towle and Harry B. Yeaton have gone to the Pan American exposition.

Dapny Collector Leavitt of the internal revenue office has returned from his annual vacation.

Miss Julia McCue and Miss Mary Callahan are passing two weeks with friends in Boston.

Mrs. Manroe of Austin street has today moved to Manchester where she will take up her residence.

John B. Forbes has returned to his duties in E. Poyser & Son's, after a several weeks' sojourn in Canada.

E. H. Chapin, New England manager of the American Press association was a visitor at the Herald office on Monday.

Hon and Mrs. Horace E. Griffin of Beverly, Mass., have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Parker, Union street.

Lawyers John W. Kelley and Horace Fender and Dr. George E. Fender have gone to Hanover to attend the celebration there.

Rear Admiral Mortimer L. Johnson, commandant of the Port Royal naval station, will assume command of the Boston yard on Oct. 1.

Judge Calvin Page and Attorney John H. Bartlett go to Hanover today to attend the Daniel Webster celebration of Dartmouth college.

Mr. James Richardson of Kittery, who has been quite ill, is improving in health and will soon be able to return to his work at the navy yard.

Capt. Osceola of the Russian navy and Capt. R. W. Sargent of the United States marine service at Cramps, arrived at the Rockingham this forenoon.

Nos. 316, 318, 320 and 322  
Warren Street, Boston  
Highlands

covered with  
**MF Roofing Tin**  
Thirty years ago  
and good as ever to-day.

Mr. William Donaldson, 690 Blue Hill, Dorchester, Mass. built these houses in 1870 and roofed them with MF. Every roof is as sound to-day as the day it was put on, although exposed to the sea air, so destructive to tin plate. The extra heavy tinning of MF makes it the most durable roofing made—the only tin that lasts a life time. Trade mark stamped on each sheet. Ask your roofer for MF or write to W. C. CRONMEYER, Agent, Carnegie Building, Pittsburgh, for illustrated book on roofing.

AMERICAN TIN PLATE COMPANY, New York.

## THE Underwood Typewriter

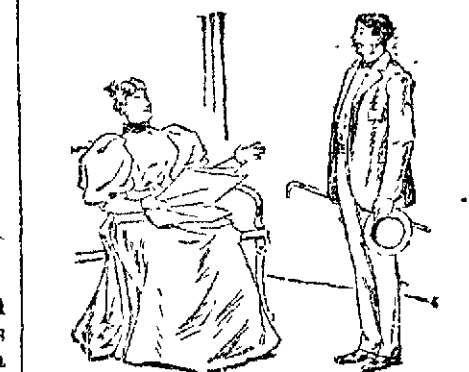


EVERY LETTER IN SIGHT.

Principle New Writing Visible Speed Increased Touch Elastic Automatic Conveiences

Operation Unchanged Tabulating Rapidly Billing Speed Strength Maintained Actual Advantages

Examine the  
**UNDERWOOD**  
At the Herald Office



## LOW PRICES.

Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we back up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best Clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

**HAUGH,**  
LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILOR  
20 High Street.

**Old Furniture Made New.**

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little. Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions—And Coverings.

**R. H. HALL**  
Hanover Street. Near Market.

## COAL AND WOOD

**C. E. WALKER & CO.,**  
Commission Merchants.  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**Coal and Wood**  
Office: Cor. State and Water Sts.

LIFE OF WM. McKINLEY, with memorials by Nation's prominent men. Large, fully illustrated. Extra terms. Freight paid. Credit given. Buy now for quick work. Outside ready. Price, 10 cents for postage. ZIEGLER CO., 215 Locust St., Philadelphia.

## Buy Now!

We just received a new lot of Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagens, Steam Laundry Wagons, Horse Wagons and Sashoe Carriages. Also a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices. Just drop around and look them, if you want to buy.

**THOMAS McCUE,**  
Stone Stable, -- Fleet Street